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THE LIVING AGE.

Seventh Series, }
Volume IV. }

No. 2871—July 15, 1899.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CCXXII. }

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EMILE ZOLA AS A MORALIST.*

No one has yet forgotten the indignation aroused ten years ago by the romances of Emile Zola, the ridicule which greeted them, the "Roman Experimental" in particular, nor the rancor with which certain critics, a little later, undertook to show the lack of harmony between the novelist and his theories. These battles have abated in fury at the present time; every year when Zola's new novel appears, which happens as regularly as the astronomical seasons, it still finds a few good souls to raise their hands in holy horror; but the public reads it, without indignation; some out of curiosity, some for pleasure, some from mere force of habit; and no one will be in the least surprised when the Academy decides to open its doors to the vigorous literary worker. And yet, he has in no wise softened his style, changed his methods or shown himself any more harmonious with his theories; he is still the same brutal painter of social disorders, while his "realistic" novels continue to exhale the aroma of epics, so to speak.

Is the public merely weary of bestirring itself to anger? Or has the tenacity of the industrious man, who goes on his way without heeding the noise made by his footsteps, inspired a cer-

tain respect in the minds of those persons who in the beginning were most exasperated? Or has it been comprehended at last that he has come in his own time, that he, the inveterate determinist is, more than any of his creations, the product of a combination of circumstances, and that, for that reason, he should be understood and not abused?

Emile Zola was thirty years old in 1870. He had, therefore, grown up under the Empire, at the period when the intellectual world was under the domination of that generation whose creed had just been outlined by Renan in his "Avenir de la Science," and whose Voltairean indifference was incarnate in the person of Edmond About; a generation which, as a whole, apart from some illustrious exceptions, the chief being Renan himself, was called "positive" because it was materialistic and narrow; which believed itself justified in denying the existence of realities that do not fall under the senses, those of conscience, as well as others; which placed its ideal very close and very low, within reaching distance, as it were; which, from having suppressed problems, believed them solved; which conceived a false, almost absurd, idea of science, calling it to account for having at-

*Translated for The Living Age by H. Twitichell.

tempted, in too great a degree, to widen its domain; which, lastly, summed up its limited aspirations and its blind confidence in that astonishing remark made by one of its most authoritative representatives: "The world is to-day without mysteries!"

During these years of his formative period Zola became acquainted with science thus comprehended, a science that disposed of all difficulties, solved all problems as easily as does the travelling salesman who leads the conversation at a hotel dining-table. Doubtless if, like Renan, he had devoted himself to an attentive, persevering study of one of the branches of that science which he was ready to delfy, he would have recognized its limitations and vanity, for his intelligence is flexible, broad and acute. But this was not the case: he knelt before science without investigating it, just as prostrate crowds fail to see the priest concealed behind the idol uttering oracles in its name. He went still further; faith ceasing to satisfy him, he fell into superstition.

The most fervent believers are ever ready to imagine that they are well-informed on the subjects of their belief. God manifests himself to them; they see him, feel him, consult him on the most trivial subjects, and receive direct responses. They know how the soul detaches itself from the body, how it ascends to heaven; they can describe the architecture of Paradise and name the moment of the last judgment. In precisely this manner Zola has been persuaded by his love of science into believing that he is conversant with it. Some books by Claude Bernard enlightened him on religious matters; is not the Bible sufficient for Christians? In his researches he neglected, it is true, to dissect rabbits and frogs; but cannot one be scientific without a microscope or a scalpel? One can surely observe and experi-

ment outside of a laboratory. Did not Balzac proclaim himself "doctor in human sciences?" Zola, whose genius for observation is in no wise inferior to that of the author of the "*Comédie Humaine*," has claimed for himself the same title. He assumed it after the publication of "*L'Assommoir*;" this work served as a point of departure; although before its appearance he had still questioned a few things, after it, he questioned nothing. In his books belonging to this period one can find many examples of the naïve and serene certainty with which he surveyed everything.

Here is one example among many others. The subject under consideration was the cause of immorality in the middle classes. Zola consulted his Claude Bernard, thought of two families, perhaps three, maybe ten, that had come under his observation, and wrote in one of his novels:

"Yes, hysteria does play upon the middle classes, but we must understand the exact meaning of the word hysteria, which is generally used in an unscientific sense. According to the latest researches of physiologists and physicians, hysteria is a neurotic disease seated in the brain, an attenuated epilepsy, not necessarily followed by crises of sensual mania; these crises are rather the accompaniments of nymphomania, and this distinction does not seem to have been made with sufficient clearness by the experts of this Bordeaux case to which we have just referred. Hysteria, in ten cases out of twelve, is merely a nervous derangement, occurring most frequently in women of a cold temperament, and producing as its chief effect a perversion of all their sentiments and passions."

The conviction with which Zola expresses himself is certainly admirable; there are even statistics, "ten cases out of twelve;" and the "clinical" ob-

servations in the matter of hysteria corroborate his theory, with a happy precision. But, in spite of it all, I cannot help reflecting that it is much easier to be a "doctor of human sciences," than to be merely a "doctor of sciences."

Zola's method of procedure, as shown by this fragment, is the same in most of his novels, and in his series taken as a whole. The theory of heredity impressed him; he thought he could utilize it in literature and he conceived the history of the Rougon-Macquart family—that is, he began to study, as he states in the preface of the "*Fortune des Rougons*," "the gradual succession of propensities, both nervous and sanguine, which develop in a family in consequence of a first organic lesion, and which determine in each of the individuals of that family, according to environment, the sentiments, desires, passions, all the human manifestations, natural and instinctive, commonly designated as virtues or vices."

This accomplished, Zola is convinced that he has given evidence of scientific accuracy. As for myself, I doubt it. Perhaps, indeed, such a study followed up in an authentic family, by a physiologist (a genuine one, who has dissected frogs) aided by a psychologist, might be productive of some useful results, shed some light on our confused notions of heredity and enrich "science." Otherwise, it is not very probable, for without mentioning the enormous difficulties to be met with in such an examination, one would have observed only an isolated case, that of a single family, and an isolated case cannot warrant a general conclusion. Then, too, we cannot forget that the Rougon-Macquart ancestors and descendants, those who are virtuous and those who are vicious, are fictitious personages, without any reality except that given them by their creator. He

will tell us, doubtless, that he has observed them, that he has invented only their names. But that is an immense illusion; he has taken from every hand and from numberless person the traits he has ascribed to his characters; that alone would be enough to make his observation untrue in the strict sense of the word; he has transported them from certain surroundings to others; he has imagined the intrigues in which he has involved them; and, although he tries to hide himself in his romances, he is always their protagonist; the Rougon-Macquart series give us much more information concerning Emile Zola than concerning the family he parades, and above all the theory of heredity.

If one were to ask a person of ordinary intelligence who had read the eighteen volumes of the "*Histoire naturelle et sociale d'une famille sous le second Empire*," what he thought of the famous theory of heredity therein embodied, he would certainly be greatly embarrassed. "I have seen," he would tell us, "about twenty persons who resemble each other in nothing, between whom I am told there is a common bond, though I cannot perceive it; some are respectable, others are criminal or dissipated, all on account of a single original neurotic. As a whole, the family interests me greatly because it reproduces in miniature the image of the world; but I do not succeed in getting a clear idea of the fact that it is one family; I do not see any more relationship between the different members and the first Rougon-Macquart than between you, myself, other people and our first parents, Adam and Eve."

By proceeding according to the Socratic method, from question to question, we might lead our man to say: "Ah, I see this, too; all the persons presented are what they are because of

an outside force, over which they have no control, which governs and directs them. They are merely marionettes, operated by strings and dependent upon the hand that pulls the strings. I do not see the strings or the hand, but I am certain that the personages are not free and independent."—And our man will have summed up all that can be said of Zola's work from the present standpoint.¹

It is not scientific, and gives us no information concerning heredity, but it is literary, and impresses one with the conclusions of that doctrine, which are the radical negation of human liberty and responsibility. While Zola destroys positive beliefs, which were perhaps only prejudices, he in no way justifies, explains, or proves the negative beliefs he attempts to substitute for them.

We must, however, do Zola the justice of stating that he is aware of the insufficiency of his preparation. He loves to style himself a moralist, and, after his first romance, "*Le Confession de Claude*," he interests himself in what the uninformed, those who have not read *Claude Bernard*, persist in calling good and evil. At this period, he asked himself: "What is evil?" Instead of asserting, in accordance with his new catechism, that it is an involuntary function, the result of a physiological error, the corollary of some ancestral neurosis, he replies, with an admirable optimism: "Evil is one of our own inventions, one of those wounds with which we have been pleased to cover ourselves."

This is not very conclusive, but, if we look at it closely, we shall perhaps find that it is as significant as the new doctrine. It is evident that on reaching the limit of his researches, Zola

found himself in a dilemma; a moralist by instinct and temperament, he had suppressed morality. Desiring to supply a "moral want," (see "*Lettre à la Jeunesse*") he attempted to provide the documents needed to aid the world in controlling good and evil by understanding them; but his doctrine proves clearly that we pursue good or evil according to predispositions bequeathed to us by ancestors, and which are beyond our control. He enters upon a dangerous circle, where so many others have lost their way; if good and evil are only mental conceptions, who shall take it upon himself to fix and define them? How shall we have any power over the causes which make us good or bad, since we depend upon them? It will readily be seen that the situation is embarrassing. Zola has extricated himself from it in a manner which, though not entirely satisfying to thoughtful people, is at least ingenious and simple; he has sought in determinism the antidote of the poison he owes to it, and he has constructed his romances in a way to prove by evidence that evil begets evil, and good good.

It is, of course, to be taken for granted that those old-fashioned words, good and evil, vice and virtue, that we are forced to employ to avoid interminable paraphrases, have only relative meanings. They are really only functions; these functions are independent of all supernatural control and also of the will. We perform them without knowing it, as we perform other animal functions. A man could not be other than he is, as the song has it; nature is the cause of everything. But, if all this is true, if we are what we must be, and could not be otherwise, if our beings, moral

¹ I wish to call attention to the fact that I am considering Zola's productions from a moral point of view only; I have not, therefore, occasion to express, as I have done elsewhere, the

literary admiration I have always professed for the most powerful of our contemporaneous novelists.

and physical, are only the blind resultant of forces that it is impossible to define, if each of us is the last link of a chain from the bondage of which no effort can free us, then it becomes evident that the rôle of the thinker who observes the meaningless performances of mankind, must be merely a passive one. He is like a man on the summit of a hill who, with a tranquil eye, follows the incidents of a battle raging in the valley below him. Why should he call out to the struggling masses, "Turn to the right!" when he knows that nothing can prevent them from going in the direction into which they are forced by the mysterious power directing them? Why should he warn them of the existence of a precipice a few feet to their left, since he knows that if they go to the left it is because they cannot go to the right? Why, above all, should he be angry at them for taking the direction of the danger which he sees awaiting them? One should merely pity the victims, for victims they certainly are; but the pity should be a mere thrill quickly suppressed, for what is the use of tormenting oneself about what cannot be changed or prevented? The inevitable carries its consolation within itself; one does not curse fatality; one submits to it.

But, in point of fact, this is not the attitude assumed by Zola. Occasionally, it is true, he seems to interest himself in his creations and to suffer with them. But for the most part, he does not even remain indifferent to them; he seems to despise the beings he has been pleased to create, whose shortcomings and infamies he has dwelt upon with such savage irony. Note, too, that this moralist, this ascetic, is at the same time a poet, adoring life in its manifestations and in its sources; in this contradiction will be found perhaps, the explanation of his taste for the violent or wanton por-

trays, so unjustly attributed to low, speculative calculation.

Zola is not satisfied with showing himself inconsistent with his "scientific" doctrine by hating the characters he has chosen to create; he is so again in the tender affection he exhibits for those in whom the neurosis has taken a virtuous turn. He forgets, one might say, that it is not their credit. Examples of this are rare to be sure, as he occupies himself little with respectable people. "*Au Bonheur des Dames*," one of the most original and successful of his series, contains quite an unexpected expression of feeling, of admiration even; it is the epic of the bourgeoisie; the good qualities of the French middle classes, their love of labor, their patience, wisdom, prudent generosity, those qualities so often held up to ridicule because they are more solid than brilliant, more honorable than fascinating, are brought out with charming relief, and are invested with a tender ideality which no other writer has ever thought of ascribing to them. The satirist has laid down his lash, the "doctor in human sciences" is moved and allows his secret sympathies to be divined, inconsistently again with his doctrine, which should enclose him in a triple armor of indifference.

I am far from censuring this inconsistency; for if Zola had not been urged by his artistic temperament beyond the bounds of his scholarly pretensions, his books would have possessed neither their present power nor charm. It is none the less true, that this inconsistency proves the insufficiency of his theory. It is adequate from the literary point of view, since it was in escaping from it that Zola has been enabled to show himself a great writer; it is still more so from a moral point of view, for reasons we are about to indicate.

I comprehend and entirely accept the

literary artist who, like Gautier, thinks of little except the beauty of phrases and words, the harmonious arrangement of which is the sole end he proposes to himself; or who, like Anatole France, considers first the charm of ideas, observing their capricious arrangements as a dreamer follows the flight of clouds, composing symphonies on the subject. Such a writer is a painter or a musician; he has his mission along with all the beautiful things that decorate and uplift life, the flowers, perfumes, and music. He has no utility, so to speak, since his activity ends in no practical, material result. His function is to delight broad, artistic minds, to perfect—not in the sense of the Good and the True, in the Beautiful rather—that rare instrument, the human heart. I believe that this mission is as divine as everything is that lifts us up above animal life, and as noble as that of legislators and leaders of people.

But the "doctor in human sciences," who observes men without loving them, without guiding them, without a care for their future, for their well-being, indifferent as a collector of insects or of postage-stamps, impassive as a physiologist in his laboratory, is quite a different thing! He would be right, perhaps, if the matter with which he worked were inert, if he could experiment on human souls as one experiments on the viscera of dogs from the pound, if with a microscope he could see the fibres constituting the mysterious canals of our sentiments and our thoughts. But this is not the case. It is vain for Zola to tell us that he is a savant, that he claims the privileges that are accorded physiologists and embryologists; we know how much of that to believe. We know that the living, imponderable matter that he pretends to manipulate always escapes from his too clumsy fingers.

I am ignorant of nothing that can be said in reply to my statements. I know the arguments from Schopenhauer and elsewhere that can be cited here: of what importance is the life of a man, of a race, of humanity? What is our planet in space, and of what value is its history in eternity? What do we know of our personal immortality, of any immortality, of God, of good or evil? Why concern ourselves with our acts, which are as unimportant as the bustle of a beehive or of an anthill? Why favor one ideal more than another, since neither of them can be real?

I have read all these things, have even thought them and repeated them in my own books. And how plainly I see to-day that if they are true, they are also vain. Let us grant that we are only passing shadows over the sea of eternity. We live, and, while it lasts, our life is an important thing to us, if not to the universe. According to the old formula of alchemists, we are microcosms; worlds in miniature, but worlds for all that. We reflect time and space, and it is precisely the eternal uncertainty enveloping us that gives us stability. Are we sure, after all, of not being the supreme reality? When death takes us away, is it we who cease to see things, or is it things that cease to be? Has the universe an existence of itself, independent of the image we make of it? I am presumptive enough to affirm that it has, but in reality we know nothing about it. If, therefore, we exist in ourselves, through ourselves and for ourselves, we are not the insects of which our erring pride loves to proclaim the insignificance; good and evil are positive things, since we form positive ideas concerning them; and human conduct is not more inconsequent than the universe since it is of more interest to us than the latter.

Leaving these subtilities, how much

more apparent the importance of what we are and what we do become! The metaphysical sky, at the hypothetical splendors of which we have just glanced, is visible to only the select few. Behind these come the masses whose horizons are bounded, who do not mount to the platform of causes, but who love, struggle, suffer, and toil. These millions of beings, whose brains are not developed by study, could never be made to realize their insignificance; they would merely shrug their shoulders if they were told that they passed for nothing. What they need is a kindly, true eye to direct their movements, a teacher who will not let them lose themselves in doubts which, with them, would produce quite different results than with philosophers and dilettanti.

Perhaps Zola did not think of all these things, or if he did, he doubtless repulses the thought with the disdain felt by the men of his generation for all that does not emanate from the "positive." This must be true, for otherwise he would have had to face some serious problems. He would have asked himself whether the phases of life he had been pleased to present were not dangerous spectacles for simple beings, slaves of their impressions controlled by instincts too easily excited; he would have asked himself whether it was wise to exhibit to the vulgar gaze the putrid corpses that equip the laboratories of "doctors of human sciences;" he would have asked himself whether, after having himself deduced questionable conclusions from a science superficially studied others would not draw still more ques-

tionable conclusions from the vulgarizations in the second degree that he serves up to them; he would have asked himself whether the "odor of truth" is suitable to all nostrils; perhaps even, by widening the circle of his observation, he would have come to asking himself whether his "truth" is the real truth, whether his "naturalism" does not, by giving undue prominence to vice, fall into an excess parallel to the "idealism" he so strongly censures in George Sand and Octave Feuillet.

But Zola has asked himself none of these questions. He has proclaimed himself a savant, and that has satisfied him. Moralists may deplore such a procedure, but artists will approve of it, for it has, after all, enabled the author to exhibit the correspondence between the bent of his genius and the subjects he has treated; it is owing to this indifference that he has been able to work straight on, building, stone by stone, the pyramid under which he shall one day sleep in the proud satisfaction of an Egyptian Pharaoh. For, although Zola's works may be attacked during the period of their production, at the moment when they are factors of contemporaneous society, active forces, they will be judged very differently later, when they belong to history. Then only their high literary merits will be apparent, and no one will even comprehend the indignation they excited during their author's lifetime any more than we to-day feel irritated by the crudities of Molière or Rabelais.

Edouard Rod.

THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE AS A MODEL FOR CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The conquest of the Spanish islands in the East and West Indies, while arousing a world-wide interest, has raised issues of magnitude, and laid responsibilities of a new sort on the United States of America. Hitherto the Great Republic has managed its Red Indians in their reserves with partial success; it has brought the isolated Mormons of Utah under ordinary laws; and has at least been face to face with the grave problem arising from the millions of negroes, ever present and always multiplying. In parts of its ample space, it encloses communities of Creoles, French and Spanish by descent, religion and language. All these territories and peoples have been held together by the castiron bonds of the written federal constitution and the close pervading energy of the Anglo-Saxon; while the sovereign powers which each of the States enjoys have given free scope for special developments. The citizens make their own laws and breathe the air of freedom. Whereas in both Havana and Manila is felt the yoke of conquest, passions have been inflamed by rebellion as well as war, the aristocracy, both lay and clerical, has been levelled; and whole races, whether light or dark, in spiritual subjection to Rome, have come under a Protestant Power, whose principle is religious equality, whose instinct and experience alike abhor such things as established Churches. For a time the American Generals and Governors will have to work in military fashion, even after Courts of Law are erected, in circumstances, if not *flagrante bello*, yet *non dum cessante bello*, the phrase which our Privy Council used of the Deccan some time after the battle of Kirkee, when Mountstuart Elphin-

stone ruled Bombay and Poona. Many an Indian province has passed through this stage, the Provost-Marshals and other officers of the army of occupation, men already familiar with the command of native troops, staying on as civil magistrates and judges over nations just delivered from oppression and grateful for staunch British justice, however rough and ready. In the Deccan of old, as in Upper Burma lately, such of the vanquished soldiery as held together gave much trouble as raiders, if not rebels, refusing to submit to civil justice without further fighting. But, as a rule, the period of transition is short; and before long the black-coated civilian, trained to revenue settlements and criminal law, is sent to despatch such work, or to oversee the departments. Past experience of the prompt and decisive action of the Americans in the field allows the hope that this ordinary phase of administration will soon be reached, at least in Cuba and Puerto Rico, islands well known to many since the time of President Polk, and lying near the American coasts. Doubtless there are statesmen who have studied the laws and customs of those two populations, amounting to about 1,600,000 and 800,000 of Spaniards, Cubans and Negroes, which figures we may compare with the quarter of a million more or less of Hong Kong, British Guiana, the half-million of Jamaica, and the 3,300,000 of Ceylon. The Philippines with five and a half millions compare with the six and a half millions of Belgium and the five millions of Sweden, Mysore, or Assam. The Gaekwar of Baroda and the Maharajah of Kashmir each rule as many subjects as are found in the two West Indian islands; and the Ni-

zam of Hyderabad governs a population double that of the Philippines: while in broader contrast, the seventy millions of Lower Bengal outnumber the dwellers in the United States, the forty-seven millions in the North West Provinces and Oude compare with the German Empire, and the twenty millions of the Punjab with Spain and Portugal together. The inference, however, from these big figures would be misleading: as many portions of the Indian Empire have been acquired bit by bit, and the consolidation has been gradual. Thus, the problems of civil administration which will arise as soon as the Temple of Janus is really shut are, for the Americans, the same to all intents and purposes as have been solved in India. They have, unfortunately, no class of men analogous to the officers of the Indian Army, who, being familiar with the natives already, could easily settle down as governors in each new native territory as it fell under our arms. It seems likely, therefore, that those high duties in such matters as civil and criminal justice, land revenue, Customs and Excise, as well as the relations with foreign Powers and Malay chiefs, will at a rather early period be discharged by civilian officers, as happened in Java and other islands of Netherlands India, when our Governor-General Lord Minto, in 1811, took them from the French, and appointed Sir Stamford Raffles as his lieutenant to govern them. For five years they were managed as a province of India. Raffles soon reformed the Dutch system, which had become backsliding and oppressive. The system of courts and of village police which he modelled on those of India still remain, as also the far-reaching policy whereby native customs are administered as law. But while the Dutch admit that he bestowed great boons on Java, they found it advisable, and indeed required

by native conditions and sentiments, to abolish his ryotwaree settlement, whereby the Government took rent directly from each peasant owner of land, and to return to dealings with them collectively as village communities through their headmen. They have also restored the old custom of forced labor in lieu of part of the rent.

It is generally agreed that the Dutch Governor-General Van der Bosch, who modified the system left by Raffles, was a ruler of the highest capacity; and though the "culture system" is not much relished by Anglo-Indian critics, more than one testify that the great mass of agriculturists in Java are manifestly in a far better material condition than our own ryots. This view is propounded by Mr. Money in his "Java, or How to Manage a Colony," a work recommended to me by Mr. Alexander Fraser, who, as our former Consul-General at Batavia and an owner of landed estate, is well entitled to an opinion, the more so as he is acquainted with the language and literature of Holland. My friend Mr. Henry Scott Boys, late of the Bengal Civil Service, also comes to the conclusion that India has much to learn in both judicial and revenue methods. In his modest but impartial little book, "Some Notes on Java," he tells us that the great questions relating to Indian land tenures, "which a hundred years ago were partly similar to those which have from time to time arisen in Java, have not been dealt with in the manner best calculated to secure the happiness of the people. The denationalization of the land, which from the time of Lord Cornwallis till the present day has been more and more completely effected, has resulted in the aggrandizement of a class of wealthy landlords and middlemen at the expense of the cultivator of the soil, and we have surrendered that splendid position as owners of the land which enables the Dutch to appropriate for

State purposes the whole rental of the country, and to insure that that rental shall always be so moderate in amount as to enable the peasant to pass his days in comfort and without care." That Mr. Boys is right in his estimate of evils is shown by the trend of our legislation. The Executive Government has of late years changed its policy and done much to save the ignorant peasant owners of land from being ruined by their own imprudence at the hands of money-lenders, whom our earlier laws empowered to sell the fields on mere decrees for debt. In such matters the Executive has wisely listened to the Judges of the High Court, who had long ago, carefully but cautiously, applied the milder rules of English equity to soften the rigor of the British Indian statutes. America has drawn largely from the same fountain of justice, and the works of Chief Justice Story are authorities in India. The original sin lay in the civilians seeing Indian affairs with English eyes, and carrying European notions into Indian practice, as Mr. Thackeray wrote in 1807, in a comment on Lord Cornwallis' permanent settlement of Bengal. In Mill's "History," Bk. VI., Chap. V., is found the story of that blundering reform of 1789. It was opposed by Warren Hastings; and even Sir John Shore tried to limit it to a ten years' term, but Lord Cornwallis "avowed his intention of establishing an aristocracy upon the European model," and so the unearned increment of the fertile Gangetic plain was made over to a set of tax-collectors, the Zamindars being mistaken for lords of the soil. It was only by good luck, the result of delays, that the extension of this policy to Madras was prevented. From my own experience as a Secretary to Indian Governments, I incline to the view of Sir John Shore, that the grievous misunderstandings of that time were due rather to ignorance

of Bengal and its people than to what Mill calls the aristocratical ideas of the aristocratical personage, then Governor-General. Shore complains that the civil servants had to learn finance by rule of thumb. They had not studied principles; and being too often shifted from one district to another, and burdened by official forms and the constant pressure of business, they had little time to get local and practical knowledge. Serious subjects were seldom thrashed out; and when they had been, the results were of little avail, as the new-comer could not lay hands on them in the smothering mass of records. We have lately listened to much the same opinions spoken in firm but kindly words by Lord George Hamilton. He has frowned on the endless official reports with grim good humor. He knows that the tendency of Cutcherry work to increase deprives the young civilian of the leisure which ought to be spent among the people, an important matter glanced at in a former article of mine in this Review.¹ Some remedy surely may be found. As the Indian law now provides that, after reasonable lapse of time, trivial records shall be torn up, so the Local Governments might every five years take stock of needless increase of work and lop it off.

A fair example is found in the system of appeals about succession to the village offices in the Bombay Presidency, which are hereditary freeholds, shared by the family in coparcenary. The delays of judgment led to so much intrigue, corruption and expense, that in 1874 it was enacted that there should be only one appeal as of right. To meet the few cases where extraordinary remedy may be wanted, the Bombay Government were granted the same special powers of revision which the High Courts exercise very sparing-

¹ Imperial Parliament Supreme in India, Asiatic Quarterly Review, July, 1898.

ly in civil and criminal justice. As the draughtsman of the Act, I can say that the opinion of all the able Revenue officers consulted was, that this high jurisdiction should be seldom used. However, some years afterwards a Secretary told me that it had become as much a matter of course as a first appeal: which means that, after two solemn decisions on a small and common matter, the Governor and his Council are ready to rehear the case, and to worry the Mamlutdar, the Assistant Collector, the Collector, and the Commissioner to write studied reports one after the other upon its details. Were a High Court to act in this way, all its ordinary work would be stopped, and the pure wine of justice would by dire delay turn sour as vinegar in the mouths of the suitors.

But an example like this only touches the fringe. The root of the matter lies far deeper, in the climate of India, which reduces the covenanted civilian's set term of service to twenty-five years. It was said long ago: "If the East India Company's servants go young to India, they cannot carry with them much general financial information; if they go to India advanced in life, they will never acquire local and practical knowledge." This reasoning explains why many officers, eager to apply equity to shelter the peasant from the little tyrant of his fields, are often perplexed, that jurisprudence being a science in itself. Much was done, however, in the later years of the East India Company to prepare its servants for the work before them. The Marquis Wellesley passed a law to establish the Writers' College at Calcutta. Looking back on his conquests in Mysore and the Deccan, his devout mind was convinced that "the sacred duty, true interest, honor, and policy of the British nation" required that the men who were to govern "populous and opulent provinces and various nations"

should be made fit for their high calling by qualifying in the laws and languages of India. That great man's successors took an equal interest in the college, and the Directors at home, who had boggled at its expense, found it desirable to set up their famous college of Haileybury in Hertfordshire, where, under the teaching of eminent professors like Malthus and Mackintosh, the embryo civilians learned law, history, and political economy, as well as the classic and modern languages of the East. In 1813 Parliament enacted that no writer, as the young civilian was called, should be sent to India unless he had kept four terms; and the college lasted till 1858, when it was closed by another Act, as the era of appointment by open competition had begun. The Directors thus lost their patronage of the Indian service, which was thrown open to all natural-born subjects of the Queen, without distinction of race or religion, throughout the realm and all the Colonies. In 1833 the question of maintaining Haileybury was several times before the House of Commons, as the Directors had grumbled at the annual cost, and urged that the national Universities were better places for training their servants than their own special institute. It was argued also that a share of the writerships should be offered to the Universities. As time went on, the public mind grew satisfied that a wide and liberal education is the best foundation on which to build up a special and local knowledge; and on this ground-plan the service has been recruited for above forty years.

In older times the Company's officers started without such advantages; the commercial training and the practice of bargaining and investing were, taking the men all round, more befitting the warehouse and the factory than the bench of justice or the council hall of government. We must remember

these things in recalling the mistakes and failures, of which I have given some examples in order to qualify the compliment lying in a demand made on me by a prominent American citizen anxious about the Spanish colonies, in these terms: "Send me a history of the Indian Civil Service, showing how it has attained its present efficiency." Indeed, a history dealing with three centuries is required as answer to such an inquiry. The steady upward progress began soon after Clive's victory at Plassy Grove in 1757 had given us the virtual dominion of Bengal. The steps were: the forbidding the civilians to indulge in trade on their own account, the creation of judicial and fiscal offices separate from the Company's trade, the fixing of salaries and pensions in due proportion to the duties and temptations arising in an Oriental country, the final ban of all trading and receipt of presents, the ordering that the native laws and languages should be studied, the education of colleges and Universities. These changes were forced on the Directors by a series of great rulers: Clive, Hastings, Cornwallis, Wellesley, Elphinstone, Macaulay, are among the prominent names. They insisted on the need of a highly-trained service, which should have a monopoly of appointments, to prevent the evil and discouraging influence of jobbery, a practice as audacious in England then as it is in some of the States of America still. By these means the local administration of India was lifted out of a sort of commercial quagmire, and at last a fresh prestige was gained when the servants of the great Company became those of the Crown.

Before adverting to some of the peculiar features of the islands lost to the sovereignty of Spain, it is convenient to pass in quick review the shifting scenes of Anglo-Indian story. Many glimpses at the times when

George the Third was King, and views of men and deeds which the traditions of Bombay and Calcutta still keep in mind, will be found in such books as the "Memoirs of a Griffin," Dr. Bulst's "Echoes of Old Calcutta," Mr. James Douglas' delightful "Book of Bombay," and other such-like works on the shelves of American libraries. But to deal fully with the East Indian Civil Service we must go back to the reign of Elizabeth and the Company's first charter of 1600 A.D. The journals of the early voyages, full of adventures new and strange, are enshrined in the first volume of "Purchas his Pilgrims." Those spacious times were crowded with daring and enterprise: men's minds were startled by the discovery of America and the route round the Cape, by the Protestant Reformation, the Spanish Armada, and the heroic struggle in Holland against Catholic tyranny and bloodshed. Foreign commerce was carried on in ships of war, and the high spirit of our Island Queen awakened the same bravery and confidence in her subjects as Oliver Cromwell's foreign policy in later years. We are tempted here to take an example from Spanish romance. In one of his minor novels Cervantes makes an English knight sue for the hand of a maid of honor. The Imperious Queen, interposing, exclaims, "How dare you ask such favor who have done naught for my State or me? Take an Englishman-of-war, conquer a Spanish galleon, and then, but not till then, come back to my Court." All which the young lover does. Now, it was two such prize-takings on the high seas which aroused England seriously to the Indian trade; the capital was soon found by London merchants, and Lords and Knights came forward as patrons and warlike leaders in the new crusade. Thus, at the very start we find ourselves in touch with men of the two types who founded the American col-

onies: the chivalrous and fighting sort to which Drake, Lancaster, and the two Middletons belong, and the sedate traders of the City who inclined to Puritan views of life, men like Milton's father, the scrivener. The Company supported some of the followers of Frobisher, Davis, Hudson, and Baffin to find a route to India by the Arctic pole. The Levant Company had done so too. But these endeavors proving fruitless, the Merchant Adventurers decided to brave the Portuguese and follow them round the Cape of Hope, like the venturesome argosies of Amsterdam. At times the ships parted or miscarried, or the Captain was imprisoned, and sometimes Cheapside was all astir with news like this: "Two ships sent on the English Company's tenth voyage defeated four Portuguese galleons and twenty-six frigates from Goa, which were sent in pursuit of them, to the great joy of the natives of Surat, who hated the tyrannical Portuguese." The robust side of English character, common in the Tudor and Stuart reigns, when men had to take sides and learn to suffer and to die, was shown time after time by the merchants and factors, ordinary trading men, whom the captains took out and left in Sumatra, Java, Borneo, Celebes, Japan, Surat, and the Coromandel Coast of India. They were tough enough, brave, and resourceful, but seemingly ill-educated, ill-paid, rather quarrelsome, and with the natives often dangerously overbearing. To eke out their frugal pittance, their London masters let them do some private trade, which was like trying to serve God and mammon; and as the system spread in a century and a half from the Malay and Indian ports to the rich inland districts of Bengal, it became a political evil.

In 1620 we find the President of the Batavia factory, harassed by the rival Dutch, complaining of the disorderly

behavior of his own people, and asking for absolute authority to keep them in bounds. By no means strait-laced, many of these men inclined to drink and lewdness. Some were dishonest, others incapable. At this period and for the next two centuries the chief talents sought for in the Company's agents were a knowledge of accounts and a keenness in exchanging the goods of England for those of the Malay Islands, China, and India. A pleasanter order of life is depicted in the account which Mandelslo gives of his entertainment in our factory at Surat in 1638, the headquarters of our trade in India and Persia. The Chaplain said Divine Service twice a day. All the wives being left in England, the merchants drank their health every Friday in wine or pale punch, which famous beverage, Mr. Wheeler says, was their own invention. On Sundays after sermon they went to a fair garden without the city. The old house still stands, being, when I last saw it, the dwelling of a Parsee doctor. Dr. Fryer was there in 1674. The factory was a busy, bustling place, managed like a merchant prince's abode on the bank of the Thames. The President lived in state, a great man. Next to him came the Accountant: "he is quasi-treasurer, signing all things, though the broker keeps the cash. Next him is the Warehouse-keeper, who registers all Europe goods vended, and receives all Eastern commodities brought. Under him is the Purser Marine," who saw to shipping and seamen; and last of all the Secretary. It is out of trading houses like these that our Indian Governments have been born. The President, with his Accountant, Warehouse-keeper, and Purser, has become Governor in Council. When I joined the Indian Civil Service at Bombay in 1864, we were listed in seniority as writers, factors, and merchants, the words used in the earliest letters of

the seventeenth century. For as Fryer writes, "The whole mass of the Company's servants may be comprehended in these classes, viz., merchants, factors, and writers; some Blue-coat boys have also been entertained under notion of apprentices for seven years, which being expired, if they can get security, they are capable of employment." The writers got £10 per annum, the merchants £40, the Accountant £72, and the President £500, with free lodgings and victuals. A covenant was given for good behavior, as is the present practice, with security for £1,000.

Turn we now to Bengal a century later, and we find the old order changing. I pass over the time of Clive, himself originally a writer, when, as Macaulay tells us, the merchant servants had become in truth Proconsuls and Proprætors of broad regions, with immense power and far too small regular pay. They were using, not for their employers, but for themselves, a monopoly of almost the whole internal trade. Clive closed this avenue to gigantic fortunes, and as the Directors would not raise the salaries, he assigned the proceeds of the salt monopoly to support those servants. The whole story is told by Sir John Malcolm and by James Mill. Mr. Harry Verelst, who succeeded Clive, had served his apprenticeship in the commercial line before taking control of some ceded districts. He knew well both his own service and the native world. He told in able minutes how the sudden ascendancy of the English had changed the status of a colony of merchants, working on principles merely commercial and selfish. Under the forms of a native government he found himself Mayor of the Palace, the real ruler: and so he went the length of sending his civil servants to sit over the Persian and other hirelings who were ruining Bengal. The Supervisors are

the earlier form of our present Prefects, the Collector and Deputy Commissioner. I quote from Verelst's minute: "The service at present affords many young men of promising parts and abilities. As the Supervisorships may be called a nursery for them, in respect to the government of the country, so in like manner their experience in commercial matters before they reach Council must bring them acquainted with our commercial interest; and as these are the grand foundation and support of our prosperity, they must be deemed the essential part of their education." He knew that the native Zamindars or tax-collectors supported their own "avarice, ambition, pride, vanity, or intemperance," by fleecing the peasantry: and to get the English to know something of the realms they ruled, he ordered them to "make the minutest local investigations." Like the dying Goethe, he cried, "Let in more light." This was in 1769.

For a vivid picture of civilian life in Bengal in the transition period, I may refer the reader to the annals of the Hon. Robert Lindsay (the brother of the authoress of "Auld Robin Gray"), pleasantly told by himself in the "Lives of the Lindsays." He entered the service in 1772 after learning business in the counting-house of his uncle, a wine-shipper at Cadiz, and retired in 1789 with an ample fortune to an estate near the castle of his fathers, the Scottish Earls of Balcarres, where he lived till 1859. Warren Hastings was Governor-General when he went out. He had to study Persian, which he had taken over as an official language from the Great Mogul. Lindsay was, in spite of general orders, allowed to speculate on his own account. He declares with evident relish that he found his Cadiz training of much use to him. With an advance of £20,000 from a native, he made enough

profit on salt to pay off his debts and put by some thousands of rupees at Dacca. Again, at Sylhet, he contracts with Government to buy up the cowry shells, the currency in which the revenue was paid, and the command of money so acquired is the basis of his wealth. Moreover, he opens up a trade in lime, and finding that the wild elephants of his forests are of "the best description," he has them caught and hawked over all India by a trusty native at the princely courts, and so puts by more and more. One day on the Ganges his boat hails another Scottish civilian, who hands him some Caledonian newspapers. There he finds an estate advertised for sale, with liberty to defer payment of the cash. "I therefore without a moment's delay despatched a letter to my mother, vesting her with full authority to purchase." The Countess seized the happy moment, and the amiable and canny Nabob gets "the estate of Leuchars for £31,000, which most assuredly is now worth double the amount or more." The career of Lindsay, however, must not be taken as a type. He owed something to luck as well as merit; but Fortune, the fickle goddess, often frowned on the trading civilians. Take the record of John Spencer, for instance, the thwarted and rival of Clive. "He enjoyed the most lucrative posts at Bombay, held the Government of Bengal for some time, and died insolvent in 1766, a great trader."

In Sir T. E. Colebrooke's "Life of Elphinstone," we find that statesman, then a lad just over seventeen, landed at Calcutta in 1796 as a writer, and sent up at once to his brother at Benares. He passed no tests, but had just come from a boarding-school at Kensington, furnishing his cabin, however, as he writes to his mother, with "twenty-five large volumes containing two or three novels each, and the British Classics, same size, five vols., con-

taining such things as the Spectator, Guardian, Rambler; and Mundell's Poets, containing every good British poet, and the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'" When in 1801 Lord Wellesley's college was started, the studious youth got himself transferred to Calcutta to attend it: his increasing habit of hard work and wide reading prepared him for his great commands. The transition period was now drawing near its close. The scholarly Wellesley picked out the ablest youngsters, and used them as secretaries all the long Indian day, dictating to them his orders and despatches to the seats of wars; and the tradition lingers that as the cool evenings fell, he kept them to dinner as close companions and trusty helpers. In the stirring times that followed, this knot of men rose rapidly to distinction. Among Wellesley's Boys, as they were called, were Mr. W. Butterworth Bayley, who acted as Governor-General in 1828; Lord Metcalfe, who in his tenure of that office gave liberty to the Press, and who became in after-years Governor-General of Canada; and Sir Richard Jenkins, who in the last Maratha War saved the situation at Nagpur. From the Wellesley period also we date the origin of the Civil Funds, which out of payments by the service, aided by State subsidies, provide those retiring pensions and certain annuities for widows and orphans, which have ever since been considered more than compensation for the uncertain profits of trade. I am not aware of the orders issued in Bengal; but when I was manager of the Bombay Fund, I gathered from its records that in 1805 many Bombay civilians on being put to election chose to remain as partners in private firms, one of them being a Judge drawing twenty-four thousand rupees a year. For some time after, such persons might, when it suited them, jump back from private trade to good official posts; and in 1815 the Governor

in Council styles these partners in "houses of agency as only nominally in the service, and rivals of the East India Company in commercial pursuits." All this must have been known to Elphinstone, who had in the newly-conquered Deccan to solve the same problem as Verelst did in Bengal, and chose for working it out the ablest men in the Bombay Army rather than the ordinary Revenue officers, hide-bound in routine. In this time of history Thackeray, who had Indian connections, places Mr. Joseph Sedley, the hero of "Vanity Fair," as Collector of Boggley-Wollah, whose foibles give a wrong impression, to be effaced by what is said in the "Four Georges" of a Judge Cleveland, a real person who died young in 1784, after civilizing the wild regions of Boglipoor. Bishop Heber gives us a drawing of the temple which the Hindus built over Cleveland's grave for holding religious feasts to his memory. The good Bishop, as he went about the country, found the local officers devoted and amiable men, but some of them, he says, treated the better classes of natives with English hauteur. This national trait also came out in Episcopalian attempts to prevent marriages by the rites of the Presbyterian Churches, although Dundas (Viscount Melville) had, when Minister for India, done all that in him lay to stock the services with Scotsmen. Again, in 1832, when the Directors were forced to pay for Bishops at Bombay and Madras out of Indian taxes, to guard the morals of the public servants, all that Parliament conceded was two Presbyterian chaplains at each Presidency. The Company protested in vain that these measures were belated, as Anglo-Indian ethics had recovered since the time of Burke and the detested Nabobs. It was useless to prove that the Bishopric at Calcutta had increased expenses from £48,000 to above £100,000 a year, and raised clerical

pensions from £800 to £5,000 a year. Concurrent endowment was made the remedy for Anglo-Indian vice, and is still maintained by Act of Parliament. This culmination seems a fitting point for closing this my sketchy answer to the wide question of my friend across the Atlantic.

It may be predicted that the alert common-sense of American statesmen will lead to such measures in their new possessions as were taken by Elphinstone in the Deccan and by Sir Arthur Phayre after Lower Burma had fallen to our arms. The bulk of existing law will probably be left unabrogated, while enlightened policy will ensure the speedy reduction of the heavy taxation and the removal of those galling restraints on civil and religious liberty which made the Spanish Church and state so bitterly hated in Cuba. No excuse can tolerate the sale of public employments; and whatever may happen to the *rentas ecclesiasticas*, the revenue got by clippings from salaries will be willingly given up. The administrative divisions into Talukas and Districts under Capitans and Alcaldes Mayores will most likely remain; and the old system of ruling the Chinese in Luzon through their head-men may be found as useful in the future as the past. A nation that has welded Florida and Alaska into the Union will find abundant expedients of statecraft to make the people of the Antilles and the Philippines content under the starry flag. But the result of the war nevertheless adds much to the gravity of that burning question, Civil Service Reform. Much too will depend on the way the President uses his patronage of still higher offices. He has no order of Peers to provide for; and he can as easily thrust aside the Tapers and Tadpoles of parties, as George Canning did when he invited the East Indian Directors to choose whom they pleased among three Scots commoners of "ex-

traordinary zeal and ability" to be Governor of Bombay, namely, Sir John Malcolm, Mr. Elphinstone and Sir Thomas Munro. The passing traveller finds the benign rule of these distinguished men fondly cherished in the countries they governed, devout natives still using language closely resembling

our blind poet's praise of the heroes of the Commonwealth:

Such as thou hast solemnly elected,
With gifts and graces eminently
adorned.
To some great work, Thy glory,
And people's safety which in part they
effect.

Imperial and Asiatic Quarterly Review.

John Jardine.

THOUGHTS IN A MEADOW.

O why in this breathing field, this meadow of Maytime,
A-flurry with silverous gusts,
Why, O my soul, must thou still with a sadness behold it:
Strangely disturbed from far?
And why is thy bliss never simple and never entire?
What hinders thee so to be gay?

O soul, hadst thou waked on a world but newly created;
If thou wert the first that had breathed;
Then this brooding arch of the blue were beautiful merely.
Perfect the greenness of grass.
But ah, through thine eyes unnumbered dead ones are peering;
To the windows the phantoms throng;
Those millions of perished women, and poets, and lovers,
Gaze where thou gazest and breathe;
And by ghosts is the blowing meadow-land unforgotten;
Memories deepen the blue.
So through tears not our own is the sunset strangely pathetic;
And splendid with thoughts not ours.
So feel we from far-off hills a soft invitation,
A divine beckon and call.
At the sudden mysterious touch of a stranger we tremble;
At lightning from eyes in a crowd;
And a child will sorrow at evening bells over meadows,
And grieve by the breaking sea.
O never alone can we gaze on the blue and the greenness;
Others are gazing and sigh;
And never alone can we listen to twilight music;
Others listen and weep.
And the woman that sings in the dimness to millions is singing;
Not to thee, O my soul, alone.

The Spectator.

Stephen Phillips.

THE OLD HOUSE: A ROMANCE.

TRANSLATED FOR THE LIVING AGE FROM THE ITALIAN OF "NEERA."

III.

The gray days of December passed, and after them the sharp frosts of January and February, during which the young people had continually gathered in the still hospitable Lambert drawing-room; and now spring was coming, and the youthful soul of April passed through the long suite of open rooms, until it seemed as if even the painted garlands upon the wall must blossom anew, amid their blue ribbons and gilded scrolls.

"I think," said Flavio, one day, after standing still for some time as if entranced by an unusual effect of light, "that those roses are going to bud."

"It always seems the same to me; and I wonder why it is that this house is so unlike all others, and why people will have little, cold, glass doors, instead of these great painted doorways."

It was Anna who had answered Flavio. It was always she to whom his rare observations were addressed, just as it had been with her father. The fact was due partly to a natural sympathy between them; but she had also resolved that justice should be done to the boy, and what he had suffered should be made up to him. She had received no actual confidences. No one had ever told her, in so many words, the story of Flavio's infancy; but she had divined it, by her own subtle intuition. She saw traces of it every day in his sickly pallor, in the sorrowful droop of his lips, in the fixed and absent-minded look which she frequently saw in his eyes; and when, with true womanly pity, she had made her own this melancholy of the home-

less and unmothered youth, her deep and loving glance would fall like a caress on the unkempt hair and the ill-clad and ill-nourished frame; and the hard verdict of Signor Pompeo—"He's an idle vagabond! He'll come to no good!" her own bright spirit always translated thus: "He has been very unhappy."

It is true that Flavio learned his school tasks badly or not at all; that he made drawings in his note-book during the Latin recitation, and wasted his study hour in following the passage of the clouds across the sky, and observing their groupings; but Anna felt sure that he could read many things that were not in the text-books; and whenever she was fired to discuss her father's cherished views of art and religion, she could feel the boy's eyes fastened on her with a strange light in them, like a lizard quaffing the sunshine, and she would say to herself, with a sudden sinking of the heart, "Oh, why is he not really my brother?"

For just so long as her father had lived they two had been united by the exquisite bond of a common ideal. She had always worked with him, like the queen-bee and prisoner in one, of their secluded hive, and the writings which had done so much to alleviate the pain of the world had been her peculiar pride and joy. Others give alms, in the concrete form of food, for the body or mind; she loved better that first distillation which is not yet honey, but only flower-juice. A soul—a kindred soul—was what she longed for. And so now, on a certain day of that spring which completed her own twenty-first year, Anna threw her arm round her sister

in motherly fashion, and drew her out upon the terrace with an emotion of yearning tenderness, which was almost pain.

"Isn't the wisteria fine this year?" said Elvira. And Anna nodded, and stroked the other's hair in silence, her eye fascinated by the full, round lobe of Elvira's ear, rose-pink in the morning light.

The pair were sitting on the balustrade of the terrace in one of the few spots left free by the wisteria, and it was a favorite post of Anna's, because a bit of the horizon could be seen thence, together with that far convent-wall, whose monastic bareness was relieved by the sun-dial. An inscription ran round the dial, illegible, of course, at that distance, but Anna knew the words and they always attracted her eye.

"I've so many lessons to learn," pursued Elvira.

"Ah, then, you mustn't waste your time."

"Oh, they are more than half done. I'm not like Flavio;" and the school-girl pursed her lips, while Anna watched her.

"Signor Pompeo says if he goes on like this he'll not be able to enter the Lyceum next year."

"Poor boy!"

"He got his ears pulled again last night."

"Do you think he deserved it?" asked Anna, anxiously.

"No, really I do not think so! Flavio is after all quite clever."

"But if he were clever he would study."

Somehow the words rang false,—upon that terrace,—where the sincere and earnest tones of Gentile Lambertini seemed still to linger amid the budding sprays of wisteria—so false that even Elvira noticed it.

"If he had one grain of spirit!" she said.

Anna started. How was it that they never understood one another? How could the gulf between them be bridged? There came over her a sort of terror of the chasm which divided them and which seemed to go on deepening like a rent in the rocks where the falling of a few cold water-drops echoes and re-echoes. Anna did not raise her eyes, but she was conscious of something antipathetic even in the vague outline of her sister's form, and she seemed still to see the plump rosy lobe of her ear. "See, Elvira," she began, hurriedly. "See, dear Elvira" (and she was conscious of a slight relief), "if we crush a tender wisteria-spray in the hand,—like this,—and keep it so until it drops all shrivelled and dead, how can we judge of the force that was in it, or say what it would have come to?"

The girl did not answer. She understood the mathematical and positive side of the illustration, but the sentiment of it quite escaped her. Anna knew that it was so, and with a feeling of something like discouragement she slowly lifted her eyes to the sundial above the trees, which gleamed so brightly in the light of the moon that she could not look at it steadily.

"How hard it is!" was her thought.

It was Sunday, and the bells on all the nearer churches rang out distinctly upon the mild and perfumed air.

"It is high time to go to mass," exclaimed Elvira, springing off the balustrade and giving a look to see whether she had soiled her skirt.

"That's a very sensible child," observed Signor Pompeo, who now made his appearance at the further end of the terrace with an ear-trumpet in one hand and a pair of gloves in the other.

"Are you going to mass, too?"

"I have already been."

"What, alone?"

"Yes. I sent that lazy rascal of mine back to do his lessons, and it will take

him all day. But nothing can ever be made to lodge in that empty pate. What d'ye think? This very day when the last bell had rung and we were already late for mass, and he had his tasks to do beside, the boy was nowhere to be found. I looked high and low, and at last I discovered him perched on a step-ladder, which had been forgotten in the portico, and gazing; at the ceiling; at the *ceiling*, d'ye hear? the ceiling of the portico! I'd not have believed it if I hadn't seen him. I have lived in this house ten years, but God knows I haven't wasted my time staring at the ceilings. But, my dear young ladies, when there's something lacking *here*—and he touched his brow with his fore-finger and wagged his head. "He's not like you, my dears! He's not like you." And Signor Pompeo threw back his head and emitted a kind of whistle, while he slowly rolled his eyes around, as though in his character of tenant and friend he were himself an epitome of all the intellectual and moral traditions of the Lamberti.

"We shall see, one of these days!"

"My dear Signorina Anna, I have already seen enough! Do you realize that the great nlnny is fourteen years old?"

"Fourteen! Is it possible?"

"Ah, ha! You wouldn't have thought it, would you? He ceased to be an infant seven years ago! Why, at fourteen I had finished my first course at the Lyceum. I knew two dead languages and two living ones. I was qualified to lecture. I supported myself! That's the way men are made!" He swelled with satisfaction, and Anna had to admit that these were weighty credentials; but she felt rebellious, and as though there were much to be said, after all, on behalf of her *protegé*. But Elvira was secretly tugging at her gown. So she only said hurriedly, "All fruits do not ripen at

once. There are some that need a great deal of heat—"

"And of straw!" chuckled Signor Pompeo—and Elvira laughed loudly.

Anna cared little for the judgments of the pompous and insignificant old man, but her sister's laughter wounded her. She was sensitive to pin-pricks, and a chance word, idly uttered and at once forgotten by the speaker, would sometimes leave a scar upon her brooding spirit.

Once outside, however, in the solitary back-street that led to the church, Anna forced herself to be cheerful. All over window-ledges and wall-copings, and in the gardens, of which fore-shortened glimpses were obtained through open doorways, April was lavishing the tender greenery of opening leaves; but no trace of the sadness that lurked in the girl's heart was suffered to appear in word or look. The old and almost deserted ways which she had so often trodden with her father were all well-known to Anna and dearly loved. From him she had learned how subtly sweet it is to feel oneself in harmony with the soul of things, but now her own soul was orphaned and, as it were, forsaken. Yes—that was the word—forsaken. The one love of her life had been so strong and exclusive as to preclude all easy consolations and convenient substitution. When she opened her book of prayers inside the church, these words caught her eye: "Be ye angry, and sin not." So, then, there were cases in which anger was permitted, and why not then the bitter scorn she sometimes felt surging inside her, the rebellious longing to break and fling off at once the fetters of worldliness which seemed to weigh her down.

Elvira, at her side, was decorously following the mass, turning the leaves of her book with a mechanical but graceful motion of her strong, well-shaped hand; just as she had done for

five or six years, and might continue to do for fifty or sixty, while Anna sought in vain for the prayer which would exactly answer her own imperious inner needs. She had more than once been called irreligious; and yet she had such impulses to adoration, such movements of charity, humility and reverence, as she had not observed in any of her accusers.

A sudden recollection overpowered her. The majestic basilica was for a moment lost to view, and she was in a small and simple mountain church—the Church of Courmayeur. It was a bright, sunshiny Sunday, just like this one, and the villagers of Courmayeur were all gathered close in front of the high altar, leaving the rest of the church to the peasants, mostly women, who had come in from their more or less remote homes in Pré Saint-Didier, Entrane and Saxe. They were waiting a little wearily for the *pain béni*, always distributed to the faithful in accordance with the old custom, and lending meanwhile a humble and tranquil ear to the words pronounced by a young priest in the pulpit. Those winged words, all gentle and spotless, descended upon the hearts of the faithful like a flight of doves. They were earnest words, too, palpitating with restrained ardor. They hung in the vault overhead, like a cloud of incense, at once pungent and soft. The speaker was a pale, ascetic, emaciated youth, in whose face the occasional flush of passing emotion showed like the iridescent tints in a piece of mother-of-pearl. The crowd of peasants, the group of townsfolk, all that motionless and parti-colored mass of humanity crowded upon benches, leaning against pillars, kneeling upon altar-steps, seemed merged in one being, without distinction of rich or poor, and fell as it were prostrate before that slender creature, half-hidden by the shadow of his own sermon-book. And the voice

went on and on, sweet, appealing, sometimes almost broken by a sob, then clearing again, always under the same control, until with a long sigh full of the memory of his own renunciation, the young priest ended with the words—"that fatherly love which is the sunset of passion;" and Anna turned to her own father, who stood beside her, and said under her breath, "To-day we have seen a soul."

Yes, that was it,—the soul of a man, charged with a message to deliver, such as even the faithful do not always understand.

Anna went back to the old house much calmed and comforted. Entering her father's room, she clasped for a moment the cushion of his favorite arm-chair, which seemed still to bear the impression of his head, and whispered, "*I am alive*; and you too, dear! You, too!"

Her grandmother's cabinet, the light-tinted lacquered cabinet of the many drawers, demanded Anna's attention, for it had grown shaky with age and needed repair, and it devolved upon her to go through the drawers and empty them, patiently and affectionately. The other, larger, case of drawers, with its old laces and embroideries and all those mysterious bits of stuff and lengths of ribbon which give a fascinating air of elegance, even to the depository of a lady's cast-off finery, was already half set in order; and there were many more such things to be done. Anna hesitated for a moment, but the dreamy sweetness of the holiday afternoon was too much for her, and she decided not to attack her grandmother's cabinet that day.

The sun was now gone from the terrace, and returning thither, she sat down again upon the balustrade under the wisteria and suffered the long flower-clusters to caress her cheek. The consciousness of her twenty-one years gave her an unwonted feeling of ma-

turity, sweet, yet with an obscure touch of sadness in it, which caused her to regard the dear old terrace, in its adornment of young verdure, with an intensified sort of sympathy. And meanwhile she idly followed with her eyes the movements of Elvira, who was flitting about with a small watering-pot and sprinkling a plant here and there, and who seemed to Anna to be herself in need of a little heavenly dew.

She did not even turn round when Flavio appeared in the doorway, as he did regularly at that hour, to wish them good evening; but she vaguely heard him talking with Elvira, as she sat encompassed by the solitude which seemed to pervade the terrace and the garden. It was as though a mysterious flood had arisen and cut off the Marchese's house from the rest of the city, which appeared only as a few flashing points of light beyond the convent-wall. It was a good while afterward that moving to lift up a drooping branch she saw the boy close beside her, and smiling out of the semi-obscurity of her retreat, she said gayly, but very kindly, exactly as she would have done to a grown-up visitor: "How are you?"

"You?"

She had always said *thou* to him, hitherto, and the change in the pronoun startled Flavio. He stammered and looked abashed, but Anna understood him, and laughed frankly as she added:

"Certainly! I have always treated you like a child, but it appears that you are fourteen years old, and we must make a change. You are a young man now!"

"Oh, if that's all, I am not yet quite fourteen!"

"Truly?"

"Truly;" and he emphasized the word as though all his happiness depended upon it.

"Very well then," said Anna, gravely. "we will wait till your birthday." Then

she added almost caressingly, "You are my boy still, and must confess all your scrapes. Too bad that you should have had to stay shut up all this beautiful day! Such flowers—and such a blue in the sky! I was very sorry for you."

There was something so maternal in her tone of tender regret that Flavio felt constrained to open his heart.

"I did not stay shut up," he said; "I ran away."

"Ran away? Without Signor Pompeo's knowledge?"

"Signor Pompeo is not my master in everything," said Flavio with a very unusual accent of defiance. "He'll never know how I went, nor where."

Then, dropping his voice very low, "I saw the blue sky, and I *did* it too! and the grass and the flowers and the little lizard. I never can imagine a spring day without a lizard coming out of its hole! Look! How do you like that?"

In his childish eagerness, Flavio forgot that it was now almost dark upon the terrace. Anna took the sheet of paper which he drew from his pocket and was approaching the lamp, which Elvira had lighted in the saloon to look over her school-exercise by.

"No, don't!" implored Flavio, in terror of Elvira's ridicule, and Anna, with her instant comprehension of his feelings, paused on the threshold, where there was quite light enough for her to examine the work of her little friend. It consisted of several sketches made apparently from memory, but so natural, so animated, so original, that they seemed like living things. She was so struck by them that she knew not what to say, and turned mechanically back to her retreat under the wisteria. Flavio followed her wistfully. "You're not angry with me!" he said under his breath.

"Angry? Dear Flavio!"

The tone was so fervent that it touched the youth like a caress, out there in the fragrant night, and seemed

to reveal his future; and he darted in a transport of gratitude toward this sweet sympathizing woman.

"Do you often make such drawings?"

"Whenever I can."

"Sometimes, perhaps, when you ought to be studying?"

"I dare say."

"And it doesn't seem wrong to you?"

"No, it does not."

Anna could not reprove this ingenuous confession. She saw the dangerous side of it, and yet she felt that, at bottom, Flavio was right, and she longed to get deeper into his reserved little being.

"If you don't like your lessons, why not say so frankly? I'm sure neither Signor Pompeo nor your other relatives would want to force you into a distasteful career."

The boy seemed smitten by an overwhelming alarm, and all the timidity which had vanished for a moment before the sympathy of his protectress returned in full force. His face was invisible, but Anna could see his discouraged attitude, and hear, in the sorrowful silence, his distressed and hurried breathing.

"It's quite settled that I am to be a teacher!"

"Who has settled it?"

"Oh, all of them."

The accent was so utterly dejected that Anna felt impelled to take his hand in the darkness. "Nobody," she said, gravely, "has the right to dispose of another person's freedom. And it is the most sacred duty of every one of us to find out what our true aptitudes are and to make the very best use of them. You ought to think of this, Flavio. Your life and conscience belong to you alone. It is right for you to defend them."

Flavio's hand lay inert in Anna's upon the railing of the balustrade. But when she made a movement to withdraw hers she felt a slight, beseeching

sort of resistance, which induced her to add more tenderly, "I have such faith in you."

The boy did not speak, and Anna, bending lower to scrutinize his face, was deeply moved to discover that he was weeping. Were these a boy's last tears, or the first tears of a man? The silence became almost oppressive; and gently releasing her hand, Anna began to dry the lad's eyes.

It was quite dark about them now. Only at the end of the terrace, through the open doorway of the illuminated saloon, the head of Elvira could be seen bending over her lesson-books, forming a clear-cut vignette which contrasted almost harshly with the shadowy obscurity of the terrace outside; and then, as Anna pulled down a blossom-laden branch of wisteria to serve as a further screen and drew it round Flavio's shoulder, the lad's reserve dissolved in that fragrant embrace, and all his accumulated bitterness broke forth. He began to speak, at first in brief abrupt phrases; afterward, reassured by the darkness, and by feeling the hand tremble responsively which held the end of the flowery bough, with a more steady and sustained intensity.

He described his forlorn childhood which had never known a mother's love, and all the anguish he had suffered from his own keen sensitiveness and the apathetic ignorance of those about him. Even now, in his pride and bashfulness, he did not quite tell all. No one ever does lay bare, in speech, the deepest roots of grief; but the essence of the boy's inner life escaped, and was diffused like another perfume through the soft spring evening; and Anna thought once more of the village church of Courmayeur, and said to herself, "I have seen another soul."

The silent harmony between these two was broken by the scraping of a chair. Elvira's lessons were done, and she was coming out upon the terrace.

Hastily letting fall the wisteria bough which shed a perfect rain of petals, Anna said under her breath, "Courage! I have faith in you, and so had my father. We shall never forsake you—come what may." Then, with redoubled

earnestness, "But you must be brave! Promise me!"

Flavio promised: not in words, but with the mute assent of his entire being.

Nuova Antologia.

(To be continued.)

THOMAS HOOD'S FIRST CENTENARY.

Jealous, I own it, I was once—
That wickedness I here renounce.
I tried at wit—it would not do—
At tenderness—that failed me too.
Before me on each path there stood
The witty and the tender Hood!
—Walter Savage Landor.

Humor and Pathos, a century ago, linked their hands across the cradle of Thomas Hood to vow him for their own. And he was theirs till death. Over the events of his life, or the creations of his brain, that joint possession never slackened its hold for an hour. If, to visible seeming, Pathos holds supremacy to-day in the sufferings of the poet's body, Humor holds the guidance of his muse; if to-morrow humor should irradiate his outward life with laughter, we may be sure that Pathos will cast its shadow within. Tears and laughter are never very far apart in that strangely mingled life. Behind the smile there is a thinly-veiled sadness; through the tears there comes a gleam of mirth. It was a dual life he lived, an April day of shine and shadow.

Hood paid a visit once to Ham House, which nestles so picturesquely among stately elms at the foot of Richmond Hill, and within a stone's-throw of the "silver streaming Thames." It was summer-time, and the historic mansion and its famous avenues looked their best. But that visit was

responsible for the creation of "The Elm Tree." Hood saw nothing of the bright sunshine, heard nothing of the songs of birds, or rather, he saw and heard them, and saw and heard beyond them. As he wandered down those avenues of lofty elms he caught no bird melody, but a "sad and solemn sound" filled his ears, which seemed now to murmur amid the leaves over his head, and anon to rise from the green sward beneath his feet. It was not the wind sighing amid the branches, nor the squirrel rustling the leaves in its happy gambols from bough to bough, nor any Dryad making the forest voluble as in the olden time:—

But still the sound was in my ear,
A sad and solemn sound,
That sometimes murmured overhead,
And sometimes underground.

As the poet heard not the birds, so he saw not the sunshine, but in the stead of golden shafts of light in that shady avenue, his eyes caught a glimpse of the Spectre of Death, standing by a sturdy elm fresh felled by the woodman's axe. And he heard Death speak, and he knew then the cause of that mysterious murmur:—

This massy trunk that lies along,
And many more must fall—
For the very knave
Who digs the grave,

The man who spreads the pall
And he who tolls the funeral bell,
The Elm shall have them all!"

Where other eyes had seen an elm-tree, verdant with vigorous life, the haven of birds, the playground of squirrels, Hood had seen—a coffin! Has any other poet so pierced through the smiling mask of nature to the symbol of human sadness hidden behind?

Again: when life was nearing its close, and his body was wasted with disease and racked with pain, the poet paused from his work one day to write letters to the three children of his devoted physician, Dr. Elliot, who was spending a holiday by the sea. There are no more delightful letters to children in English literature. Hood knew the measure of the child-mind to a fraction, and had full command of that reasoned nonsense which Lewis Carroll has made so popular since. But mingling with the bolsterous fun of these delightful letters there are gentle sighs of sadness, all too gentle, one is happy to think, to have been detected by the bright young spirits to whom the letters were addressed. What child could catch the undercurrent of pathos in such sentences as these?—

I wish there were such nice green hills here as there are at Sandgate. They must be very nice to roll down, especially if there are no furze-bushes to prickle one at the bottom! Do you remember how the thorns stuck in us like a penn'orth of mixed pins at Wanstead? I have been very ill, and am so thin now I could stick myself into a prickle. My legs, in particular, are so wasted away that somebody says my pins are only needles; and I am so weak, I dare say you could push me down on the floor and right through the carpet, unless it was a strong pattern. I am sure if I were at Sandgate you could carry me to the postoffice and fetch my letters.

* * * * *

There are no flowers, I suppose, on the beach, or I would ask you to bring me

a bouquet, as you used to at Stratford. But there are little crabs! If you would catch one for me, and teach it to dance the Polka, it would make me quite happy; for I have not had any toys or playthings for a long time.

Humor and Pathos, too, mingle themselves in one of the latest sketches Hood drew for his own magazine. Prevented by a severe attack from keeping faith with his readers, he ventured to express his regrets by the pencil instead of the pen, and in his sick-bed drawing the title of his magazine is symbolized by a magpie wearing a hood, while the "Editor's Apologies" comprise a significant group of medicine bottles, a dish of leeches, and the picture of a heart with a line encircling it—typical of the enlarged heart from which he was dying. Thus, to the end, Hood was faithful to his own creed:—

There is no music in the life
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;
There's not a string attuned to mirth,
But has its chord in melancholy.

On the poet's monument, in Kensal Green Cemetery, the date of his birth is given as the 23d May, 1798, but in several biographies that event is stated to have taken place a year later. His own children appear to have been doubtful on this point, for his daughter, in her "Memorials," gives the year later on no surer authority than "as far as we trace." Henceforth, however the exact date of Hood's birth need be no longer a matter of uncertainty, for here is a verbatim copy of his natal certificate:—

These are to certify, that Thomas Hood, son of Thomas Hood and Elizabeth Hood his Wife, who was daughter of James Sands, was born in the Poultry, in the Parish of St. Mildred, in the City of London, the Twenty-third Day of May, in the Year One

thousand Seven hundred and Ninety-nine, at whose birth we were present.

Ruth Sands.
Jane Curlee.

Registered at Dr. Williams's Library, Redcross-street, near Cripplegate, London.

Thomas Morgan, Registrar.
Nov. 27th, 1817.

The original of this interesting document is in the possession of Mr. Towneley Green, R. L., whose mother was a sister of Thomas Hood's wife. It is to the same eminent artist's kindness that I am indebted for permission to use those extracts from some unpublished letters of Hood, which will be found below. What other valuable services Mr. Towneley Green rendered me in the preparation of these pages will be made manifest from time to time. To return to the birth certificate for a moment. It will be seen that this document makes known, for the first time, the Christian name of Hood's maternal grandfather (hitherto his mother has been spoken of as the "sister of Mr. Robert Sands"); that it definitely locates the Poultry as the place of his birth; that one of his aunts was present at the entrance into the world; and finally, that the registration was effected more than eighteen years after the birth took place. With regard to the second fact, it is interesting to know that the building now known as No. 31, Poultry, stands upon the same site as that in which the poet was born a century ago. It is, of course, impossible to explain the protracted delay in the registration of the birth, or why, after eighteen years, it should have been registered at all. But a guess may be hazarded. Hood was apprenticed to his uncle, Robert Sands, the engraver, and it may be that the registration of his birth is connected with that event.

Thomas Hood attained his majority

without achieving any definite connection with literature, but his son ought not to have lent his authority to the assertion that prior to 1821 his father "had displayed no strong literary tendencies." During his visit to Dundee, in search of health, which lasted, there are sound reasons for believing, from December, 1814, to some time in 1817, he had written a large quantity of verse, and his connection, on his return to London, with the "private select Literary Society," of the "Reminiscences," kept him busy with his pen. In short, Hood did not enter the world of letters until after he had served a long apprenticeship to the pen. This is made clear by a letter (unknown to his daughter when she compiled the "Memorials") he wrote in 1820 to a Scottish correspondent, who had written to offer profuse apologies for having lost the manuscript of Hood's rhymed "Dundee Guide."

I will tell you a secret for your comfort, that the loss, even if great, would not be irreparable, for I could, if necessary, write afresh from memory, and nearly verbatim. It is the same with nearly all the rest of my effusions, some of which I shall hereafter send for your perusal, to show you that I do not consider you the "careless friend" you represent yourself to be. I continue to receive much pleasure from our literary society, and from my own pursuits in that way, in which, considering my little time, I am very industrious; that is to say, I spoil a deal of paper. My last is a mock heroic love tale of 600 lines, with notes critical and explanatory, which I lately finished after many intervals, independent of two poetical addresses to the society on closing and opening a fresh season, with various pieces, chiefly amatory.

I find that I shall not be able to send my poems to you for some time, as they are in the hands of an intelligent bookseller, a friend of mine, who wishes to look them over. He says that they are worth publishing, but I doubt

very much if he would give me any proof of his opinion, or I should indulge in the hope of sending them to you in a more durable shape.

These passages prove, beyond question, that when, on the tragic death of John Scott, in 1821, the London Magazine became the property of Messrs. Taylor & Hessey, and those gentlemen enlisted the services of Thomas Hood, as sub-editor of its pages, the young engraver was amply qualified to throw away his etching-tools in favor of the pen. At first his duties appear to have been little more than those of a superior proof-reader, but ere long he began inventing facetious "Answers to Correspondents," and in a short time he took an established place among the contributors to the magazine. It was a famous circle into which he thus gained admittance, and at Taylor's dining-room, at 93 Fleet Street, with its windows overlooking St. Bride's Churchyard, Hood often shared in such merriment as only could have been created in gatherings which included such spirits as Elia, Allan Cunningham, Hazlitt, Barry Cornwall, Horace Smith, John Clare, and John Hamilton Reynolds. With two of that illustrious band Hood was destined to enjoy an affectionate intimacy. The gentle Elia quickly appealed to his heart, and the depth of his feeling for him may be inferred from the fact that of the two portraits which accompanied Hood in all his wanderings and changes, one was that of Charles Lamb. The other member of the London Magazine circle to enter into close companionship with Hood was John Hamilton Reynolds, who is, perhaps, as much an "inheritor of unfulfilled renown" as his intimate friend, John Keats. It was, no doubt, profitable for Hood to enter into such close companionship with Reynolds, apart from the fact that the friendship culminated in his marriage with his sister,

Jane Reynolds. Keats himself was often indebted to the fine literary instinct of John Hamilton Reynolds, and it is highly probable that Hood also reaped material advantage in the same direction. Keats and Reynolds contemplated collaboration in a volume of poems; Hood and Reynolds carried such a scheme to fruition. Hence the volume of "Odes and Addresses to Great People," which Coleridge so confidently attributed to Lamb, and of which, while still in the making, Hood wrote to Reynolds: "I think the thing is likely to be a hit, but if you do some I shall expect it to run like wild-fire."

Unhappily, this promising friendship did not survive till that final severance which ends all friendships. The two quarrelled, but why they quarrelled will never be known. Neither the children of Hood nor his other close relatives knew how the estrangement came about. Nor is it known when the rupture took place; all that is certain is that it was subsequent to Hood's marriage with Jane Reynolds, and also subsequent to John Hamilton Reynolds' own marriage with Miss Butler. That the latter was the case is proved by a document, in Hood's writing, among the unpublished papers belonging to Mr. Towneley Green. This is a humorous account of Reynolds' wedding, drawn up in the form of a program of a State procession, and it provides another illustration of the lively spirit with which Hood was wont to celebrate all important family occasions. Here it is:—

A PROGRESS FROM LONDON TO WEDLOCK THROUGH EXETER.

People of Exeter with Banners.

Glovers.

Honorable Company of
Match Makers.

Banner.

Beadle

With His Banner.

Hymen and Amen
 With their Banners.
 1st, 2d and 3d Times of Asking
 With their Axes.
 Page
 Bearing the Matrimonial Yoke with
 the Milk of Human Kindness.
 The Happy Pair!
 Banners: Mutual Benefit, Hand-in-
 Hand, and Union, with the Sweet
 Little Cherub that sits up aloft.
 Domestic Habits
 in Livery, Attended by
 Domestic Comfort.
 Banner.
 Carmen Nuptiale.
 Cupid with the Ring.
 Gentlemen of the London.
 Editor with his Staff.
 Messrs. Taylor and Hessey, Allan
 Cunningham, Richard Woodhouse,
 Theodore W. Hazlitt, H. Cary, C.
 Vinkbooms, James Weathercock,
 Thomas De Quincey, W. Hilton, C.
 Lamb, as Diddle Diddle Dumpkins
 with one shoe off and one shoe on, and
 his man, John Clare; J. Rice,
 W. Proctor, Mr. Riley-Parker.
 The lamb flags carried by
 Mr. Montgomery.
 Lion's Head
 With his two Pages.
 Placard "The Head of the Family"
 Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Butler.
 Train Bearers—Cupids in Livery.
 Banner—The Family Crest.
 The Three Misses Reynolds.
 Trainbearers.
 Banner—Cupid with a White Bow.
 Three Gentlemen *after* the Three
 Miss Reynolds?
 Placard "The Bride's Character."
 Friends.
 Musicians:
 A Blind Bard Harping on one String.
 Wind Instruments.
 "Piping to the spirits ditties of no
 tone," etc., etc.
 Banner.
 The People of Exeter.

It was, of course, in the family
 home of his friend Reynolds that Hood
 met his future wife, Jane Reynolds.

The family lived in Little Britain, in
 one of the "Master's houses," as these
 buildings were called which were de-
 voted to the use of the Tutors of
 Christ's Hospital near by. The father
 was Writing and Mathematical Mas-
 ter in that famous school, and he and
 his wife and children were evidently
 friends and abettors of all those who
 found their chief pleasure in litera-
 ture; Keats and Lamb were frequent
 visitors, and many lesser lights in the
 early nineteenth-century world of let-
 ters were often found under that con-
 genial roof in Little Britain. Mrs.
 Reynolds herself was possessed of fine
 literary instincts, and in 1827 she pub-
 lished, under the pen-name of "Mrs.
 Hamerton," a delightful little tale
 bearing the title of "Mrs. Leslie and
 her Grandchildren." A copy of this
 rare volume is in the library of Mr.
 Towneley Green, and on its half-title
 page there is pasted a brief extract of
 a letter from Lamb to Hood. The ex-
 tract reads thus:—

Dear H.,—Emma has a favor, besides
 a bed, to ask of Mrs. Hood. Your par-
 cel was gratifying. We have all been
 pleased with Mrs. Leslie; I speak it
 most sincerely. There is much manly
 sense with a feminine expression,
 which is my definition of ladies' writ-
 ing.

Hood's wooing of Jane Reynolds ap-
 pears to have met with some opposi-
 tion from within the Little Britain
 family circle, but the young poet evi-
 dently had a zealous advocate in the
 person of his betrothed's mother. The
 following hitherto unpublished letter
 from Hood to Mrs. Reynolds witnesses
 to a warm spirit of affection between
 the two. The date of the letter is un-
 certain, but it was prior to the mar-
 riage of Hood with his "dear Jane."

Lower Street, Islington.
 My Dearest Mother.—I was to have
 written to you yesterday evening, but

my hand was so tired with transcribing all the morning that I was obliged, unwillingly, to let it rest. I do not know how I am to put *interest* enough in these lines to repay you for the long time I have been indebted to you for your kind ones; I know they were written designedly to put me in heart and hope, and indeed they were more than a pleasure to me in the midst of pain. Then they were not only kind, but enlivened with such smart and humorous conceits as might account for some part of my difficulty in finding a reply. You know I am not used to flatter; and if I were to begin now, Heaven help me, but you should be the last woman for my experiment. I know you have a "smashing blow" for such butter-moulds.

I am a great deal better. My hands are now returned to their natural size. From their plumpness before with the little nourishment I took, and their afterwards falling away, you would have thought I sustained myself like the bears, by sucking my paws. I am now on a stouter diet, a beef-eater, and devour my ox by instalments; so provide yourself against I come. I have nursed a hope of seeing you on Sunday. It has been one of the greatest privations of my illness to be debarred from a presence so kind as yours; but I trust, weak as I am, to make my bow at your next drawing-room. You know there is a hope for everything: your old rose-tree has a bud on it.

I wish you could patronize my garden, you should walk about it like Aurora, and bedew the young plants. It is quite green, and the flowers that were sown are now *seed* coming up from the ground. I am just going there as soon as I have achieved this letter. The fresh air feeds me like a chameleon, and makes me change the color of my skin too. I shall need all my strength if you expect me to come and romp with your grandchild. My dear Jane writes that, owing to Mr. Acland's delay, it is likely they may not come up till the week after next. Pray make use of the interval in double-bracing your nerves against the tumults of "the little sensible Longmore." She will put you to your Hop Tea. I expect she will quite revolutionize Little Britain. The awful brow of Marianne, the muscular powers of Lotti, the serious remonstrances of

Aunt Jane, the maternal and grand-maternal authorities will all be set at naught with impunity. As for Green and I, we shall come up empty about dinner-time, and in the hubbub, be sent empty away. The old china will be cracked, like mad; the tour-terelles, finger-blotted and spoiled; the chintz, —now *coulour de rose*—all rumpled and unflounced! You will get some rest never!

I had a note from that unfortunate youth, Haley, on Sunday. It commenced: "Saturated with rain," as if to show me what use he had made of my dictionary; and ended by begging a trifle to help him into the 99th. I played the sergeant's part and gave him a shilling, not from any bounty of my own, but because all the girls cried out upon me for their parts, "they could not resist such entreaties." However, do not blame me, for I mean to cut him off with it, and be deaf to his letters in the future.

I have been obliged to avail myself of the sunshine, and wish I could send you some by this letter, to sit in your thoughts. I hope you dwell only on the pleasant ones; for, with all your cares, you must have many such. Think of your good and clever daughters who paint sea nymphs, and sing and play on the piano; and of your son John, dear to the Muses. I think few families have been dealt with so well, if indeed any. There's Jane and Eliza, Marianne, and Lottie—four queens; and John—you must count "two for his nob." I was glad to hear that he came to you, and in such excellent tune, and highly pleased with his praise of my Poem. It was worth all the commendations of a London Magazine to me; with its Editor at the head or, if you please, at the tail. Pray tell Marianne that I have written a long, serious, Spanish story, trying not to be more idle than I can help, which, as soon as it is transcribed, I shall send to her. I have almost written some songs for Lottie, but want rhymes to them. I have never been allowed yet to sigh to your "Willow Song" for the Album. Lambkins and Willows were indispensable to the old songs, but I thought such *fleecy-ostery* poetry went out with Pope. I almost think it a shame, amongst all my rhyming that I have never yet *mused* upon you; but please God you and I mend, you shall

adorn a sonnet yet, and if it be worthy of you I shall think myself some "Boet," as Handel used to call it. I might have a much worse subject and inspiration than the recollection of your goodness, and with that happy remembrance I will leave off. God bless you, my dearest Mother! You say you wonder how it is I respect and esteem you as such, as if I had not read in you a kindness towards me, which in such a heart as yours must always outrun its means; nay, as if in thinking me worthy of one of your excellent daughters, you have not in all the love and duty of a son made me bounden to you forever. Perhaps after this you will bear with my earnest looks in knowing that they are attached to you by a gratitude and affection which could never enough thank and bless you, if they did not do so sometimes silently and in secret.

Pray distribute my kindest love amongst all, and believe it my greatest happiness to join with your own in all duty, honor and affection as your son,

T. Hood.

It will be evident from the above letter that, by the time it was written, Hood had become perfectly at home in the house at Little Britain, and was enjoying the familiarities of a prospective son-in-law. Indeed, his relations with all the members of the family were of a characteristically affectionate nature. As may be inferred from the letter just quoted, one of the sisters—Eliza—was already married to Mr. Longmore; Jane was betrothed to Hood; Marianne was to marry the Mr. Green who was to share Hood's mealless fate through the "hubbub" over the advent of the Longmore grandchild; and Charlotte, the subject of Hood's "Number One," was fated to die single. If the poet had a favorite among his three sisters-in-law, Marianne was undoubtedly she. One of his letters to her will make that predilection clear. It should be premised that when it was written Marianne Reynolds was on a visit to her sister,

Mrs. Longmore, at Chelmsford, Essex, and that the date again was prior to Hood's marriage.

Lower Street, Islington,
Tuesday morning.

My very dear Marianne,—Such kind messages as yours are irresistible, and I must write again if only to show you that I feel more than repaid for my last letter. I know that you do not like to correspond yourself, but it shall be enough for me, dear, if I may believe that I am not quite the last person you would write to. Indeed I know that I should not, if I could, imagine how very much I am pleased with whatever you say or do; which is far too much to let me become the graceless and ungrateful critic. But I know that you do not wrong me by any such fear, and, therefore, till you write to others, and not to me, I shall consider that my letters are answered by the pleasure they may give you. I am sure they are not without their delight to myself, and still more when I learn that you are to keep them; for I know whatever kindnesses they may contain, that they will never be belied by time. I might even crowd them with more affection, and still be justified, for I have a thousand reasons for loving you, if you were not my dear Jane's sister, which is a thousand reasons in one. But I can afford to waive that for your own sake, tho' when I remember that I might have had a Drew instead, I cannot feel too happy, too proud, or too fond of you in that relation. I wish I could but give you a tenth part of such causes to make me dear to you; however, it is some merit to love you, and you must give me the benefit of that consideration. Therefore, dear, do store up these letters, and if, hereafter, you should lack a true wight to do you suit or service, let them remind you of the hand and heart of a Brother. Would he were as potent, as proud of this title, for yours and others' dear sake; but it is not the fault of my wish that I cannot make you Queen of the Amaranths, or pluck a bow of green leaves and turn them into emeralds for your casket.

There is a tale of a little prince, who had a ruby heart, and whatever he wished on it was instantly granted; but it is not so with mine. Neither

have I Aladdin's Lamp, or it should have been scrubbed bright ere the Chelmsford Ball. But now it is a dark Lanthorn, and the glory of Fairyland is bedimmed forever. Only the fiery dragons remain, which be cares, many and fearful; and the black cats, and the demons and imps and the ogres, who are the Booksellers, except that they have no eye in their forehead. But I am not writing King Oberon's Elegy; so away with this lament for the little people, and let's think of the living!

The interesting little Miss Kindred has enquired after you, and you have been missed at the LeMercier's. We met the former at Mr. Butler's last night, and she seemed what the world would call a sweet girl, full of sensibility and commerce. Her sister, I should think, has a smack of Prudence Morton. I like her best, for she was absent. Jane has made a very pleasant addition to her friendships, by her introduction at another party (LeMercier's) to a Mrs. Simpson and a Mrs. Cockle. I quite wish you had the former at Chelmsford. There was a Mr. Capper, too, with a facsimile of Woodhouse's profile, as if such a one was worthy of two additions; and I wish you could have seen him too. You should have him in for nothing, in exchange, with all the others, against Green, when it shall please you to export him. The ladies of Chelmsford might grow their own. They have had time enough to shred him like Angelica. No doubt he hath often gone, purposely, to the coach, when it was too late, like dear Miss Longmore,

"Farewell so often goes before 'tis gone!"

He has been so long expected here that we are afraid he is coming by a hearse. Tell him the house of Blackheath has been robbed, and his little nephews Wielanded. Only think that Butler likes "St. Ronan's Well," and does not dote on old Im—no, "Old Mortality!" Have you any blue-stockings at Chelmsford? Tell them that you know a gentleman who knows a friend of Barry Cornwall. We are plotting here to go to the play when it shall be worth seeing, but do not let that hasten you. If you stay a week longer you shall have another letter, and a better. Now I am rather hurried, and

must put in an appearance before Mr. Hessey. So God bless you, dear, tho' I say that deliberately, accept my sincere love and kind wishes, and believe me, forever,

Your affectionate Brother,
T. Hood.

P. S. for Miss Longmore.—London is very dull and foggy, and the baked codlins very dear. Pray wear list shoes this nasty, slidy weather, and keep your feet warm; there's nothing like that. I have got a sprained ankle, but do not let that grieve you. Some people like a well-turn'd one, but I don't. It gives me a great deal of pain but I must say good-bye, good-bye, good-bye, go-goo-good, by-by-bye.

Notwithstanding the opposition to his suit, Hood, in due time, reaped the reward of his sincere affection for Jane Reynolds. There were dark days in store for these two, days of unceasing buffeting with adverse fortune, made all the more trying by persistent ill-health, but their devotion and affection never faltered for a single moment. Through good report and ill, Jane Hood was a true and faithful wife, the inspiration of some of her husband's best work, and his ever-ready helper in preparing his manuscripts for the printers. On his part, too, Thomas Hood never failed in love and duty towards his wife; "he was an ideal husband," testifies Mr. Towneley Green, "and wholly devoted to Mrs. Hood." The honeymoon was spent at Hastings, and from thence there came to Marianne and Charlotte Reynolds a letter as rich in the peculiar qualities of Hood's genius as any production of his pen.

The Priory, Hastings,
Tuesday morning.

My dear Marianne: My dear Lot,—I shall leave Jane to explain to you why we have not written sooner, and betake myself at once to fill up my share of the letter; Jane meanwhile resting her two sprained ankles, worn out with walking, or rolling rather, upon

the pebbly beach; for she is not, as she says, the shingle woman that she used to be. This morning I took her up to the Castle, and it would have amused you, after I had hauled her up, with great labor, one of its giddy steps, to see her contemplating her re-descent. Behind her, an unkindly wall, in which there was no door to admit us from the level ridge to which we had attained; before her nothing but the inevitable steep. At the first glance downwards she seemed to comprehend that she must stay there all the day, and, as I generally do, I thought with her. We are neither of us a chamois, but after a good deal of joint scuffling and scrambling and kicking, I got her down again upon the Downs. I am almost afraid to tell you that we wished for our dear Marianne to share with us in the prospect from above. I had the pleasure besides of groping with her up a little corkscrew staircase in a ruined turret, and seeing her poke her head like a sweep out at the top. The place was so small, methought it was like exploring a marrow bone.

This is the last of our excursions. We have tried, but in vain, to find out the baker and his wife recommended to us by Lamb as the very lions of green Hastings. There is no such street as he has named throughout the town, and the ovens are singularly numerous. We have given up the search, therefore, but we have discovered the little church in the wood and it is such a church! It ought to have been our St. Botolph's. (Pray tell Ma, by the way, that we read our marriage in the morning papers at the library, and it read very well.) Such a verdant covered wood Stothard might paint for the haunting of Dioneus, Pamphillus, and Flammetta as they walk in the novel of Boccaccio. The ground shadowed with bluebells, even to the formation of a plumb-like bloom upon its little knolls and ridges; and even through the dell windeth a little path chequered with the shades of aspens and ashes and the most verdant and lively of all the family of trees. Here a broad, rude stone steppeth over a lazy spring, oozing its way into grass and weeds; anon a fresh pathway divergeth, you know not whither. Meanwhile the wild blackbird startles across the way and singeth anew in some other shade. To have seen Flammetta

there, stepping in silk attire, like a flower, and the sunlight looking upon her betwixt the branches! I had not walked (in the body) with Romance before. Then suppose so much of a space cleared as maketh a small church lawn to be sprinkled with old gravestones, and in the midst the church itself, a small Christian dove-cot, such as Lamb has truly described it, like a little temple of Juan Fernandez. I could have been sentimental and wished to lie some day in that place, its calm tenants seeming to come through such quietways, through those verdant alleys, to their graves.

In coming home I killed a viper in our serpentine path, and Mrs. Fernor says I am by that token to overcome an enemy. Is Taylor or Hessey dead? The reptile was dark and dull, his blood being yet sluggish from the cold; howbeit, he tried to bite till I cut him in two with a stone. I thought of Hessey's long backbone when I did it.

They are called *adders*, tell your father, because two and two of them make four.

* * * * *

I resume. Like people with only one heart, we are writing with a single pen. Mrs. Fernor does not *let* more with her apartments, and we are obliged to ride and tie on the stump of an old goose-quill. In a struggle for possession we have inflicted the blots above. "Some natural drops he shed, but wiped them soon," as Milton says. Our fire is beginning to burn on one side, a sign of a parting, and Mrs. Fernor is already grieving over our departure. On Thursday night we shall be at Islington, and then I shall rejoice to see you as well as we are. I hope you have been comfortable, dear, and accustomed my house to the command which it is to comply with. I hope Green hath been often on Islington *Green*, which loveth you; you will have learned from our topography to approach the *Angel*. I hope Ma hath hanselled our teacups. I hope my garden is transplanted into Mr. Oldenhaws'. I hope Dash is well and behaves well. But shortly I shall have an answer to all my anticipations. Now we must leave Hastings, the pleasant scene of our setting half-bonny-moon. Oh, Lot, could'st thou but see the teapots at Mr. Davis's! Thou would'st shed some drops at quitting

this place! Pots, there is enamel, there is quaintness and richness of pattern! Not tea merely, but kettles with gilded handles, gorgeous coffee-pots, transcending even thy own shelf. In one thing thou wert selfish, in not giving us that brown teapot. Nay, thou art worse than Mr. Davis, for his are to be got for money, if not for love.

To-morrow we go to Lover's Seat, as it is called, to hallow it by our presence. Oh, how I wish we had you upon Lover's Seat, which took its name from the appointments of a fair maiden with a gallant lieutenant. He was in the preventive service, but his love was contraband, and in a romantic bay they used to elude the parental excise. Good-bye. God bless you, my dears, till we meet again. I long to meet you again as your Brother most proud and happy in your affection. My love and duty to our good Mother and to our Father.

Your own affectionate friend and Brother,

T. Hood.

It would appear from the above letter that the young couple began house-keeping in the Islington district, but ere long they removed to Robert Street, Adelphi. During the twenty years of their married life, the Hoods had no fewer than eleven homes, but in the first three they seem to have dwelt for rather longer than the average of two years suggested by comparing both totals. The house they resided in at Robert Street from about 1825 to 1829, was No. 2—a fact now, for the first time, established by Mr. Towneley Green's papers—and, save that the building has lost its numerical identity by absorption into the hotel which occupies the whole of the left-hand side of the street, this early home of the poet has changed but little during the past seventy years. Here their first child was born, and, breathing its last almost with its first cry, here arrived those tender lines of Lamb, "On an Infant Dying as soon as Born." While still dwelling in Robert Street, Hood edited one of those *Annals* so popular

seventy years ago, the title being "The Gem," and the date of publication, 1829. He was an industrious editor, casting his net far and wide. A letter from the Quaker poet, Bernard Barton, in answer to a request for a contribution from his pen, has so many points of interest that it deserves quotation in connection with this phase of Hood's literary enterprise.

Woodbridge,
April 26th, 1828.

My dear Friend,—I had almost, not sworn, for we friendly folk use not such attestations, I had well-nigh affirmed I would have nothing more to do with *Annals*, saving that of my old friend Ackerman, which I write for from mere habit; but an application for an article to one conducted by thee and contributed by Ella will go far to induce me to try what I can do. Pray let me know, as early as may be, what is the latest I can be allowed.

If anybody can make aught of such a speculation I know no one whose chances of success are better than thine; but I doubt the day is somewhat gone by. The thing was overdone, I fear, last year; and I hear of new ones starting. I had a letter a day or two ago from one of the joint authors of "Body and Soul," stating he was about editing a new one. Whether it was the Body-man, or the Soul-man who addressed me, I know not. If only the former, there are hopes for thee; if the latter thou must prepare for a rivalry for Spirits. But I never read their joint production, so perhaps there may be little difference betwixt them.

What is thy *Annual* to be called? and who is to publish it? "These little things are great to little men," and to little books too. I am glad the old sentimental Title is to be abandoned. The "Pledge of Friendship" must have been hit on, I opine, by some enamored swain, or sighing Nymph; it is an unmeaning designation, for anything, everything, or nothing may be a pledge of what passes by courtesy for Friendship. How to supply its place, however, by anything appropriate and new is beyond my powers of suggestion; the change cannot well be for the worse, that's one comfort.

Hast thou seen or heard aught of

Elia lately? I had a few lines from him a day or two back, written in worse spirits than I ever saw him exemplify. He said he was ill, too; pray let me know he is better, for I should be loth to think him so bad as that notelet indicated.

In conclusion may I hope for the indulgent forgiveness of one cautionary hint, suggested by no meddling spirit of officious impertinence, but by a cordial desire for the success of the new undertaking, and a hearty interest in thy enduring fame. No one, I believe, ever under-valued wit who had the slightest capacity to appreciate its point and brilliancy; I am well aware of the temptations to which so seductive a faculty is likely to expose its lively and mercurial possessor; but, "Hal! and thou lovest me," Pshaw! that's nothing—I mean if thou hast a due regard to a still more lasting, pure and enviable Name, do not in thy contributions, or in those accepted from others, suffer these merry quips and cranks to exclude totally more simple and sober articles. Heartily as I have laughed over many of thy lively sallies, several of these, despite their point and originality, I have forgotten; but not a letter or line of the verses "I Remember, I Remember," have from the first perusal of them been long absent from my recollection. The touching simplicity and the deep pathos of those few witless verses electrified more at the moment by their perusal than the same quantum of poetry ever did before or since. I would rather be the author of those lines than of almost any modern volume of poetry published during the last ten years. This may seem extravagant, but I know it is written in no complimentary mood.

Thine truly,

B. Barton.

Tempting as it might be to show how far this letter bore fruit, and to dwell upon the literary activity of Hood, in its various ramifications, it is necessary to turn once again to the more personal aspect of his life. How he celebrated one marriage in the Reynolds family has already been illustrated, and it now remains to dwell

for a moment on a characteristic water-color sketch, with which he commemorated the wedding of his favorite Marianne. The bridegroom was that Mr. Green who has figured frequently in the letters given above, and he is depicted in the guise of one of those "Jacks-of-the-Green," so ubiquitous on May Day in London a generation ago. As he takes his bride by the hand, the while the parson recites the words which make the two one, her face assumes a *greenish* hue. A gentleman in obtrusive goggles at the rear of the bridegroom is Mr. Green's brother, and the lady on his left with a hook instead of a hand, is intended for Miss Charlotte Reynolds, the only member of the family to retain her single state. Behind her again is her sister Eliza, Mrs. Longmore, and on the extreme left of the sketch stand Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, senior. Nor did the perpetrator of this humorous wedding record spare himself, for Hood is to be observed in the right-hand corner, quaffing wine from a communion cup!

Notwithstanding that formidable hook, and, what was more to the purpose, a winning sweetness of disposition, Charlotte Reynolds remained faithful to the character Hood made her assume in his "Number One." She attained a ripe old age, dying in 1882, after having lived many years in the Hampstead home of her two gifted nephews, the late Mr. Charles Green, R.I., and Mr. Towneley Green, R.I.

When the Hoods removed from Robert Street, some time in 1829, they found their next home in a picturesque cottage on Winchmore Hill. Probably some additions have been made to the rear of the building since that date, but otherwise it is unaltered, and with roomy bay-windows, its creeper-clad walls, and its lovely garden, it remains to this day a picture of an ideal home for a poet. Hood's home instincts took

deeper root at Winchmore Hill than anywhere else; "he was very much attached to it," wrote his daughter, "and many years afterwards I have known him point out some fancied resemblance in other places, and say to my mother, 'Jenny, that's very like Winchmore!'" In 1832 there came another removal, this time to Lake House, Wanstead. Here, again, there has been little change since the days of Hood's tenancy. Wedged in between the borders of Wanstead Park and that narrow tree-covered promontory of Epping Forest which reaches out as far south on the left, there may still be seen the picturesque few acres which constitute Lake House Park. The house, built almost wholly of wood, contains nine or ten bedrooms, a spacious kitchen and a large dining-hall, which occupies almost the entire length of the building in the rear. In the garden behind the house are two old cherry-trees, and some years ago the larger of these was adorned with a copper plate, bearing this inscription: "In pity for the woes of womankind, beneath this ancient tree Thomas Hood wrote the 'Song of the Shirt'—'Stitch, Stitch, Stitch.'" The tablet is gone, and the hope may be expressed that if the desire to replace it should ever have a practical issue, care will be taken not to perpetrate the falsehood of the old inscription; for it was not here, and in 1832, that the "Song of the Shirt" was written, but in the Elm-Tree Road, St. John's Wood, in 1843.

Some family portrait-painting of abiding interest was achieved during the Lake House days, for it was here, in the opinion of Mr. Towneley Green, that the portraits of Hood and his wife in the National Portrait Gallery were executed. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds, senior, happened to be on a visit to Lake House at the time, and the latter was induced to sit for her portrait also.

But no persuasion availed to lead Mr. Reynolds to face the same ordeal. Thus it happens that the only surviving record of his personal appearance is a time-stained pen-and-ink sketch. But if his son-in-law could not persuade him to sit for his portrait, he had little difficulty in inducing him to assume one day the character of a J. P. of the County. Several small boys had been caught in the act of plundering the cherry-tree above mentioned, and Hood could not resist the temptation of reading them a lesson by a mock trial. So the culprits were hailed before the old gentleman sitting in state in the dining-hall, and were duly sentenced to instant execution on the tree from which their thefts had been committed. The poet's infant daughter had been previously coached to plead for mercy, and at her entreaties the sentence was as solemnly revoked as it had been pronounced.

From the early months of 1835 to the autumn of 1840, Hood was an exile, living first at Coblenz and afterwards at Ostend. It is not necessary to dwell upon the sequence of monetary misfortunes which drove him to the Continent for the sake of cheap living, but those misfortunes ought never to be mentioned without the reminder being given that they were due to no fault on his side. When at last it became possible for him to return home, he resided for a brief season near Camberwell Green, removing to No. 17 Elm-tree Road, St. John's Wood, towards the end of 1841, on his being appointed editor of Colburn's New Monthly Magazine at a salary of £300 a year. In this house he resided until the Christmas of 1843, when he made his final flitting to Devonshire Lodge, New Finchley Road. That building, however—the scene of his death in 1845—is no longer standing.

Hood's appointment as editor of the New Monthly Magazine was hailed

with genuine satisfaction on all hands, and through the whole of 1842, and well on towards the end of the next year, he continued to discharge the duties of that position in such a manner as to fulfil all the favorable prophecies of his friends. Then there arose some misunderstanding between Mr. Colburn and his editor, in the midst of which the latter received the following letter from his staunch friend Charles Dickens. It will assist in its interpretation if the reader bears in mind that when Hood received it he was on the eve of a visit to Scotland.

Broadstairs, Kent,
Twelfth September, 1843.

My dear Hood,—Since I received your first letter I have been pegging away tooth and nail at "Chuzzlewit." Your supplementary note gave me a pang, such as one feels when a friend has to knock twice at the street door before anybody opens it.

There can be no doubt in the mind of any honorable man, that the circumstances under which you signed your agreement are of the most disgraceful kind in so far as Mr. Colburn is concerned. There can be no doubt that he took a money-lending, bill-broking, Jew-clothes-bagging, Saturday-night-pawnbroking advantage of your temporary situation. There is little doubt (so I learn from Forster, who had previously given me exactly your version of the circumstances) that, like most pieces of knavery, this precious document is a mere piece of folly, and just a scrap of waste paper wherein Mr. Shobal might wrap his chitly-snuff. But I am sorry, speaking with a backward view to the feasibility of placing you in a better situation with Colburn, that you flung up the Editorship of the magazine. I think you did so at a bad time, and wasted your strength in consequence.

When a thing is done it is of no use giving advice, not even when it can be as frankly rejected as mine can be by you. But have you quite determined to reject his offer of thirty guineas per sheet? Have you placed it or resolved to place it, out of your power to enter into such an arrangement, if you

should feel disposed to do so, bye-and-bye? On my word, I would pause before I did so, and if I did, then most decidedly I would open up a communication with Bentley, and try to get that magazine. For to any man, I don't care who he is, the Editorship of a monthly magazine on tolerable terms, is a matter of too much moment in its pecuniary importance and certainty, to be flung away as of little worth. It would be to me, I assure you.

I send you letters for Jeffrey and Napier. If the former should not be in Edinburgh, you will find him at his country place, Craigcrook, within three or four miles of that city. Should you see Wilson give him a hundred hearty greetings from me; and should you see the Blackwoods, don't believe a word they say to you. Moir (their Delta) is a fine fellow, and you will like him much. In all probability he will come to see you, should he know of your being in Edinburgh. A pleasant journey and a pleasant return! Mrs. Dickens unites with me in best regards to Mrs. Hood, and I am always, my dear Hood,

Faithfully yours,
Charles Dickens.

P. S.—The light of Mr. Colburn's countenance has not shone upon me in these parts. May I remain in outer darkness!

Notwithstanding the advice of Dickens—perhaps it was too late—Hood's rupture with Mr. Colburn was complete before the year ended, and January, 1844, saw the first issue of his own venture, bearing the title of Hood's Magazine. He had suffered so much from publishers that he determined to issue the magazine himself, and an office for that purpose was secured at No. 1 Adam Street, Adelphi. Here he worked early and late at his editorial labors, and here he occasionally slept when the pressure of work was high. The magazine was a pronounced success from its first issue, and, had life and health been in store for Hood, there can be no question but it would have proved a valuable property. But the sixth issue of the

Monthly contained those pathetic "Editor's Apologies" which have been already referred to, and although he rallied somewhat from the attack by which they were occasioned, henceforth there was little hope for any material prolongation of life. With the issue of the magazine for March, 1845, there was given an engraving of the bust of the Editor, and it was this portrait, specially printed on large plate paper, which Hood chose as his farewell gift to his friends. Between the attacks of pain, he sat up in bed to inscribe on each copy his signature and a few affectionate words, the number in the end reaching upwards of a hundred. These were to be his last messages to those who knew and loved him. He died on the 3d May, 1845, and a July day, nine years later, Monckton Milnes unveiled the monument which rests above his grave in

Kensal Green Cemetery. Beneath the bust there runs the legend, "He sang the Song of the Shirt," and on either side of the pedestal are bas-relief medallions of "Eugene Aram's Dream," and "The Bridge of Sighs"—all pertinent reminders of the fact that there was a serious as well as a humorous side to the genius of Hood. He himself, there can be no doubt, would have elected to live by his serious verse, for, when the public refused to purchase his "Plea of the Midsummer Fairies," did he not buy up the edition to "save it from the butter-shops?" If, even after death, there can be no dissolution of the dual domination of Humor and Pathos, at least let it be confessed that, in his graver moods, Thomas Hood achieved work which is not unworthy to be garnered with the choicest fruits of English poetry.

H. C. Shelley.

The Fortnightly Review.

AEDH TELLS OF THE ROSE IN HIS HEART.

All things uncomely and broken, all things worn out and old,
 The cry of a child by the roadway, the creak of a lumber
 ing cart,
 The heavy steps of the ploughman, splashing the wintry
 mould,
 Are wronging your image that blossoms a rose in the deeps
 of my heart.

The wrong of unshapely things is a wrong too great to be
 told;
 I hunger to build them anew and sit on a green knoll apart,
 With the earth and the sky and the water, remade, like a
 casket of gold
 For my dreams of your image that blossoms a rose in the
 deepes of my heart.

W. B. Yeats.

From The Wind Among the Reeds.

POLO AND POLITICS.

In the history of polo it would be difficult to find a more picturesque presentment of the game, even in its Eastern home, than during the polo-week at Gilgit. There the wild frontier tribes are represented, and, with the barbaric pomp and pageantry dear to the heart of the untutored son of the East, men whose feuds have been the cause of some of our worst frontier troubles meet in friendly rivalry. Last year it was the teams representing Hunza and Nagar, names of sinister import to those who are responsible for the government of our Indian frontier, which met in the finals of the Gilgit tournament.

Those who have seen twelve of these teams ride on to the ground at the beginning of the Gilgit week are never likely to forget it. Each team of twelve horsemen, in the brilliant dress of their tribe, headed by their raja and their band, advance with the majesty they consider due to their own dignity on any public or semi-official occasion. Their musicians on weird instruments herald their approaching triumph, for all have the most implicit faith in themselves and their fellow-tribesmen, and never believe in the possibility of defeat before it actually comes. With the fortunes of the game the music is triumphant or sad, according as the tribesmen press victoriously on their adversaries or are pressed by them.

The game, indeed, is very different to the play shown by the Royal Horse Guards or the Inniskillings on the velvet lawns of Hurlingham or Ranelagh; but it is hearty and skilful nevertheless, and is marked by some surprising feats of horsemanship. The hill-ponies are handy, and are managed with consummate skill; and though,

under their unwieldy saddles and strange trappings, they seem all too small for their high-turbaned riders, they prove themselves fully equal to their part in the game. The raja of the side which has the right to begin grasps the stick and ball in his right hand, and, followed by the other players, gallops at full stretch to the centre of the ground, throws the ball up, and hits it while in the air. This starts the game, and wild shouts and clashing of sticks, and the thud of the galloping hoofs, mingle with strange music, and stir the pulses even of the self-possessed European onlooker, while they rouse the impulsive Easterns to a perfect frenzy. Backwards and forwards dash the players, heedless of any blow that does not disable them, and taking in good part whatever the fortune of the day may bring. No places are kept, with the exception of that of the goal-keepers, who remain to guard the posts, and do not go up into the game at all. The other twenty-two players dash hither and thither, apparently in the wildest confusion, but always in chase of the flying ball. They have few rules but much enthusiasm, the best of good fellowship prevails, and the sight may well give food for serious reflection to our politicians, whose thoughts, it may be, seldom turn to sport. For here there is something more than a mere phase of sport. This eager play is the symbol of the influence that prevails to break down the barriers of race, and bind together in amity the fellow-subjects of the East and West.

Every thoughtful man who has spent any time in our Indian empire must have been struck with the yawning chasm that divides the Englishman and the native. The social standards of these classes are indeed widely different, and

each regards the ways and customs of the other with the contempt born of utter lack of comprehension. Both the habits and social amusements of the Englishman are ridiculous to the native, whose names for our picnics and fancy dress balls, known to him as the fool's dinner (*pagal khama*) and the fool's dance (*pagali nautch*) are typical of his attitude of mind towards them; while few need to be reminded of the lordly scorn of our fellow-countrymen for the ways of those whose misfortune it is not only to be born of another nation, but that nation a dark-skinned one.

Yet daily and hourly in the official life of that vast country these two classes meet, and the whole machinery of Government depends on their amicable and loyal co-operation. Our statesmen, both at home and in India, are alive to the necessity of bridging over, if possible, the dividing chasm, and many and various methods have been tried. These have been honestly carried out by those for whose benefit they were framed, but with what result? Native gentlemen, whose pride of race is as their very life-blood, and who are accustomed to the ready deference of their inferiors, have attended the At Homes of our governors, and stood in silent discomfort in scenes in which they felt they were out of place, and where their dignity was overshadowed by that of a higher power. Englishmen of position have gone to native entertainments, and have sat with wreaths of roses twined round their necks and wrists, trying to look neither bored nor foolish under the infliction, and succeeding but poorly in the attempt. Each class has endeavored to be polite and to conceal his boredom at the incomprehensible foolishness of the other; and if the Asiatic has on the whole succeeded best, this is to be attributed to his superior power of adaptability.

Then it was thought that if the bond of union was not to be found in social intercourse, it might perchance be discovered on the common ground of literature. Universities must be provided; and when the native mind had absorbed Western culture, it would run in the same groove as that of the educated Englishman. But what has in effect been the result of the crowd of M.A.'s turned out by the Universities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Lahore? An acute Oxford tutor once replied to a question as to whether a certain man would or would not get "a first" by an emphatic "No; he looks on his work as 'lessons,' and will not get more than a second." Now this just touches the root of our failure to combine culture with education in our training of the youthful Asiatic. With him Shakespeare and Scott are "lessons," which he obediently crams, but which teach him little and affect him not at all. At the end of his university career the fine flavor of an Oxford culture is as much unknown to him as when he attended his first lecture; and our failure has taught us that, educate the Eastern as we may, it is not thus we shall teach him to look at things from our own social or literary standpoint.

But where the Lieutenant-Governor and the professor have failed, quite another person has had no small share of success. The subaltern, whose knowledge is too often chiefly cram, and whose highest ambition is to get into the service somehow, even if he should be the last to pass into or out of Sandhurst, has opened a way of union where the highest diplomatic and scholarly minds have failed. In the simple love of sport that distinguishes him, he has struck a vein in the native character which all his superiors have failed to reach. On the polo-field the native forgets to be stiff and the Englishman to be haughty, and under the influence of their common love for a

manly exercise they each discover that their adversary is a good fellow and generous opponent, and thus a sure foundation for future friendly intercourse is laid.

Not only do we see the wildest of the frontier men forgetting their tribal hatreds and jealousies in a tournament organized by the English Resident and his subordinates at Gilgit, but in our great military cantonments English and native teams meet, and find the strongest of social bonds in doing so. No better example of this can be found than during the Christmas week at Mian Mir, when our troops are in their winter quarters; and Lahore, only four miles distant, will turn out its large European and native population almost to a man to see a polo-match at the cantonments. On the ground you will see conveyances of all sorts and colors and dimensions, from the lordly barouche of the Lieutenant-Governor, with its scarlet-liveried servants and well-groomed horses, down to the tiny country *ekka*, the lightest and most ingenious of primitive structures, which will carry a surprising load of slim, lightly clad natives. There, too, will be the native prince, driving a four-in-hand with much showy plated harness, the effect of which to an English eye is almost sure to be marred by one or more breakages having been made good with odd fragments of string; and the fat *bunniah*, who looks on from the hired *gharry*, and who very likely has lent his Highness the Nawab the money wherewith to buy his resplendent team of grays. Smart English officers, pale civilians, and Eurasians, who unite the blood of East and West, and have no part or lot with either, are all filled with the interest of the moment.

The final of the polo tournament is to be played between the junior officers of a well-known cavalry regiment and a Sikh team from Patiala. Both sides are well mounted, the natives using

mostly Arabs, with here and there a waler, or a wiry, nervous-eyed country-bred. One and all of the ponies are trained to perfection, and they will gallop, stop, and turn with a grace and rapidity that will astonish those who do not know the time and money that have been lavished on them. The Englishmen's ponies are rather bigger and more powerful, for they have greater weights to carry, not a dragoon among the players getting up under twelve stone, while most are heavier. The four clean-looking subalterns are typical Englishmen, using the term to include the representatives of the Sister Isle. There is a son of the land, of the Church, of the factory, and of the army itself among them, and Galway, Ulster, Kent, and Sussex are the counties represented. The Sikhs are lithe, brown-skinned, and black-bearded, and their young chief appears in the neatest of English boots and breeches, though with the native turban on his head.

The pace of the game is tremendous, and it is soon seen that the lighter and more active Sikhs, with their better-trained animals, have the best of it, and the goals mount up rapidly on their side. The element of danger is by no means wanting in a fast game on an Indian ground, for a fall on that hard sun-baked soil is almost certain death; but the players are soldiers, and they think of nothing but the chances of the game. Long before time is up the Sikhs have won; but the Englishmen play doggedly on, hitting as hard and galloping as fast to add one more goal to their score, as though that goal would mean victory. When the last bell rings, the two sides ride off together, laughing and talking as easily as though no difference of race and color divided them.

Later in the year, when these young officers will be the guests of the Sikh prince at his palace, the good feeling engendered by their friendly rivalry on

the polo-field make their relations cordial, and they will together play polo and billiards, and hunt the great gray boar, and talk of it all together afterwards in the truest spirit of comradeship. Do we not see here that the real solvent of race distinctions in India is to be found in sport, and that in giving our native fellow-subjects our love for our manly outdoor recreations, we insensibly draw closer to them and they to us?

The late Chester Macnaghten, who was the most successful of any in imparting Western culture and civilization to the lads placed under his care, recognized the power of sport. The boys of the Rajkomar College were encouraged to play cricket and tennis, and to join in coursing parties made up by the European residents at Rajkote, and none rode harder or threw themselves more heartily into the pursuit of the hour than did these young native noblemen. It was the Rajkomar College at Rajkote that gave us Ranjitsinhji, than whom there is no better example of the fusion of East and West in a single personality. And though Ranjitsinhji is in some ways an exceptional character, there are hundreds

who have been brought into sympathy with us by their early associations with cricket or football, or one of the many of our favorite outdoor diversions.

Any and all athletic games and every kind of sport will prove a happy meeting-ground for us and the Asiatics, whose social ways we may never be able fully to understand; and it is by these that important classes of the natives will be won over to respect and even to like us. But while all kinds of sport and physical exercise, in which there must be an element of danger that appeals to the innate love of glory of the better-class native, are useful as a means of union, polo in India will always be the sport *par excellence*. As in its origin it is Eastern, it is suited to the climate and the people, and will catch hold of the native mind as our national pastimes of football or cricket will never do. And as in this country in the hunting-field all men are equal, on the Indian polo-field race differences are forgotten, and the English allens and country-born natives learn to recognize their opponents, not only as men, but as fellow-members of the great sport-loving community throughout the world.

T. F. Dale.

Blackwood's Magazine.

THE SILVER FANS.

The strong sun of an Egyptian spring shone blindingly upon the narrow path which led up the face of the rock. Below, the scented clover-fields stretched away to the silver ribbon of the Nile in one unbroken sweep of brilliant green. Above the palms on the river rose the slanting sail-yard, and the fluttering pennons of a tourist diabeah, but it was not often that the tourists paused at this point, as the behavior of the peasants who dotted the almost

invisible pathways among the clover showed. They had turned to look curiously at the strangely dressed female who rode with indecorous speed through their fields, addressing shrill outcries alternately to her donkey-boy, and to the fat Turkish-clad dragoman who followed her; but no one had asked for backsheesh, and after the strange sight passed the men turned to their work again with a contemptuous jest. The donkeys reached the edge of the

watered land and crossed a narrow strip of desert to the cliff. Here the dragoman gave the order to halt, and came up to intimate that his lady must descend.

"Well, and where's your Christian Church?" demanded his employer in accents which unmistakably proclaimed her nationality. "Here, you've brought me right across to a rock wall, and no sign of any such thing to be seen. Say, now, I don't believe you know what a church is."

"The church is up there, a little way along this path," said Abdul, who looked bored and disgusted. "It would be better for the lady to walk."

"What, up that track? Why, it isn't big enough for a goat, let alone a donkey. You'll never get along there, Abdul, and I'm not going up alone with those boys, so don't you think it."

"I am going to show my lady the way, the boys will remain with the donkeys," answered Abdul with stolid patience.

He had early discovered that this form of address soothed and flattered Mrs. Kezia B. Higginson of Chicago, and "my lady" descended without further protest. They began to ascend the stony track which led apparently to nowhere, and in some places was barely a foot wide. Abdul went first and Mrs. Higginson clung to the stick which he held out for her to grasp, but the loose shale seemed to plunge away from under her feet at every step.

"Stop, stop a minute," she cried as they came to a comparatively broad and even shelf. "I'll need to get my breath where I can. Well, now, Higginson was right when he reckoned to stop on the diabeah. Talk about a church and treasury in this God-forsaken place. Somebody's been fooling you, Abdul, and that's all about it."

Abdul shrugged his shoulders. This expedition had been his last card as it were, and it appeared that he was not

going to win. It was only his second trip as sole dragoman in charge of a party up the Nile, and it was of vital importance to his professional future that these rich Americans should be brought back to Cairo in good humor. But though for the last ten weeks he had toiled early and late to amuse or interest them, so far his efforts had been in vain. Temples had no attraction for them, dancing girls called forth an explosion of perfectly inexplicable wrath, and even a fantasia which he had got up regardless of expense—their expense and his own trouble—had been condemned as "a poor show." But one day in the bazaar of a native town to which they had ridden—donkey-riding being the only amusement which the Nile had to offer apparently to Mrs. Higginson, her attention had been caught by a small, empty, silver textus case set with bosses of green jade which lay among the wares of the local curiosity dealer. She had seized upon it with such eagerness that Abdul felt all the proprieties of purchase had been set at naught, but her evident pleasure in this and sundry silver trinkets which she had acquired had given him a new idea. Two or three years ago he had come up the Nile as the humble but useful servant of an English professor who spent half his time in wandering about the country where there was nothing for a tourist to see—or so it seemed to Abdul. But he well remembered that the professor had a most discreditable liking for those despised people whom the English called the Copts, and had made quite a collection of Christian antiquities. Abdul ignorantly supposed that Mrs. Higginson knew that the silver textus case was an ancient Christian relic, and valued it on that account. Here was perhaps the impressible side of these most difficult people. Abdul remembered the enthusiasm with which the professor had discovered the Christian

Church of St. Michael, and how he had spent two days copying some inscriptions in and near the church, and turning over the silver articles in the church treasury which the old priest had at length been persuaded to unlock for him. When, therefore, the diabeah had arrived at this point on her return voyage, Abdul had enlarged on the interest of the church in the mountain and the beautiful silver things which "my lady" could doubtless purchase from the priests. Mr. Higginson was not to be moved, but Mrs. Higginson, though with many expressions of incredulity, had consented to mount her donkey and brave the morning sun in search of possible silver.

Certainly nothing could look less like the neighborhood of a church magnificent enough to possess a treasury of silver than the bare cliff to which they clung. There was not even a mud hut to be seen, much less any sign of a town or village. The top of the cliff ran its sharp line across the dazzling sky unbroken by any outline of building, and the sunlit stillness was almost oppressive. A little further on a tiny tamarisk bush grew apparently out of the naked rock which jutted out in a sharp edge just there from the face of the cliff. Beyond this, even the crumbling track which they had followed came to an end.

"You can see for yourself the path doesn't go on any farther," continued Mrs. Higginson shrilly. "You must have come to the wrong place."

"If my lady will come as far as the bush, I can show her where the path goes," answered Abdul, with imperturbability.

"Well, I'll do that much," remarked Mrs. Higginson good-temperedly; she had enjoyed her ride across the cloverfields, at any rate.

Just beyond the bush the path turned round abruptly, and appeared to enter

the cliff itself through a narrow fissure. But when Mrs. Higginson had been pulled through by Abdul she gave a cry of surprise. The cliff fell away on either side, and they stood in a kind of basin sloping upwards in front of them till it reached the level of the cliff. On the right and left, the rocks which encompassed the tiny valley were as steep, and almost as bare, as the face of the outer cliff behind them, but all in front of them was green with the intense green of Egyptian vegetation in the spring. In the midst of the little valley a fawn-colored cow was patiently turning the *sâkiyeh*, or water-wheel, which sent little rivulets of clear water in every direction, unmindful of the fact that the woman who was supposed to be directing its labors was sitting silent and abstracted a little way off under the shade of a great kneb-tree, which seemed to fill half the place. A little child sat unheeded, but content, among the clover just below her, and played gravely with some fading poppies. At the sound of Mrs. Higginson's cry, the woman turned, and caught sight of the Turkish dress within their wall. With a sudden spring she leapt to her feet, and caught her child up on to her shoulder, as she faced the intruders in startled silence. The cow stopped also with a jerk, and not being admonished, went to sleep standing.

"Well, now, seems to me we've frightened her considerably," remarked Mrs. Higginson. "My patience, too, but isn't she a pretty woman? I haven't seen one like that since I came to this hideous country. Can't you speak to her, Abdul? She'll run off in a moment."

"May the day be blessed to thee," began Abdul, not using, however, the formula with which he would have saluted a Moslem.

"And to thee also," responded the woman readily, but still with an alert, suspicious look.

"Tell her we want to see the church, if there *is* a church," said Mrs. Higginson advancing. "And, oh! let me look at your baby. Why, it's as fair as an American child, and he's got blue eyes. Well, now, if that's a Coptic baby, it's a pity all the babies in the country aren't Copts. Well, you are a cunning little thing"—as the child, prompted by his mother, raised his baby hand in salute, and then broke into a dazzling smile as he clutched at the artificial flowers on her hat.

Meanwhile, Abdul explained that the great foreign lady desired to see the church, and the woman, nodding comprehension, raised her voice in a call for Sophia. An answering cry came back, and a little thing of ten appeared, to whom was committed the charge of cow and child.

"But where *is* the church?" asked the American again as they passed beyond the kneb-tree, which shut off all sight of the upper part of the basin.

Where the right wall of cliff curved round to meet the opposite one, they now perceived a large square opening in the rock to which a thread-like path gave access. Down below there was another opening into a cave, evidently used as a stable, and a small, clay-built house, shaded by two or three palm-trees, stood in the little valley just where the path began to rise. Further on were several graves, each covered by a low mound of white stone, with the Coptic cross sharply marked in black bosses on the sides. Abdul pointed to the opening above, which Mrs. Higginson now saw was fitted with a massive wooden door studded with large nails.

"Gracious! Call that a church? Why, it's nothing but a cave with a door put to it. Well, of all the funny countries I ever saw in my life!"

Her comments were neither appreciative nor flattering as they climbed the narrow way and unlocked the pon-

derous door with one of the strange wooden keys used by the poorer Egyptians. Indeed, to the ordinary tourist, there could be nothing attractive in the low church cut out of the solid rock, and lighted by one window only besides the door. The roof was black with smoke from the lights of nearly four thousand generations of worshippers. The American, though she knew it not, was in a church dating from the ten years' terror, which its trembling survivors called the "Era of Martyrs." No attempt had been made to cover the bare rock of walls and floor, save for a few inscriptions in Greek and Coptic, and, at first sight, the only furniture or fitting of any sort was a rude wooden screen, comparatively modern, yet black with age, which divided the sanctuary from the body of the church. Just beyond the archway of the screen a single bronze lamp of exquisite workmanship hung from the roof, making a star of light in the dark interior. The young woman who accompanied them, still in silence, lit one of a bundle of tapers which stood in a recess in the wall, and held it so that the flame flickered on the only picture which the church contained. It was a picture of the Archangel Michael, to whom the church was dedicated, and though the flame was rough, and the gilded background dark with age, it had been painted in the days when art still lived in Egypt, and the uplifted face thus suddenly revealed to her silenced, for a moment, even the modern barbarian from the new world. But when they had looked through the archway at the rock altar, covered with dirty and tawdy embroideries, and when the use of the cymbals and crutches had been explained to her, Mrs. Higginson's sense of injury again reasserted itself.

"Well, I call this a regular fraud," she remarked. "And here have I taken the trouble to bring a purseful of gold

on the chance of finding silver worth having in a hole like this."

"There is the treasury," said Abdul sulkily. "It is in the rock beneath the picture, and I know that the Englishman Swift he find very much in it."

"So you told me. I shouldn't have come at all if it were not for your talk of Professor Swift. Every one knows his name, and I have heard that he has some good silver things among his collection. But if you really mean me to believe it is there, tell the girl to show it to me."

This request being translated to their guide, roused her into something like animation for the first time.

"Why does she want to see the treasury?" she asked, with quick suspicion. "It is for my father the priest to open, and not for me. Do I carry the key of the treasury?"

"Your father the priest is doubtless not far off," answered the dragoman. "Go quickly to fetch him, and there will be much backsheesh."

"Yes, yes, good backsheesh," chimed in Mrs. Higginson on hearing a word she understood. "What is she talking about?" for Senura was pouring forth rapid explanations in Arabic, which will be best rendered into English without the medium of the dragoman.

Senura was not, strictly speaking, the daughter of the priest, but his only son's wife. Tadrus (Theodorus) the priest of the old rock church which had survived the later and far grander one below in the valley, was a widower, and his household consisted of an old mother, his son Ramses, his son's wife, his youngest child Sophia, and the baby Vasil (Basil). The priest's income was £1 a month, the son, who was secretary to a rich Moslem in the nearest town, earned £2 monthly, and on this the family had lived contentedly. But quite recently Ramses had received an intimation from the omdeh that he would be one of the new recruits de-

manded from the village unless within the week he paid over to the omdeh a sum of £15. The omdeh was a Moslem, and Ramses knew that appeal was useless, though the sum demanded was far beyond their means. The local usurer refused to advance more than £10 on the security they were able to offer, and that day as a last hope the priest had gone with his son to try and borrow the balance of the sum demanded from his employer. But Senura knew well that it was a fruitless errand, for her husband had told her how he had already humbled himself in entreaties, only to be laughed at for supposing his services worth lending money to retain. And at the time of sunset they would return, but not before, and this was a house of mourning. And so saying Senura extinguished the taper with a gesture of despair and sank sobbing on her knees before the picture.

"What is it all about?" repeated Mrs. Higginson imperiously; "is she afraid I want to steal her things? There, there!" she went on in more womanly tones, patting the girl's shoulder, "tell me what it is all about."

In a few words Abdul repeated the substance of what he had heard from Senura.

"She says she cannot open the treasury while her father is away," he added coolly. "But she lies. He is not at all likely to have taken the key with him. They are all like that, they will pretend they have nothing for fear the Government should hear of it."

"Well, I am not the Government—nor even an Englishwoman to be mixed up in it. Tell her I'm a free-born American, and maybe I will buy something of her which will help out their money."

Abdul did not know much about the Copts, but his bargaining instinct kept him from translating this suggestion, for fear the Coptic girl should suppose

that the foreign lady had come on purpose to secure some particular thing from their treasury and put an exorbitant price on it. If he had openly spoken of a possible purchase, however, poor Senura would have been warned in time, and would have kept herself out of temptation by refusing to open the treasury, which indeed she was supposed to be absolutely unable to do. Not only was it a breach of trust, but no one was supposed to know the hiding-place of the key—too cumbrous an article to be concealed about the person—except the priest and his son. But Senura knew, and as she pictured the extreme poverty about to fall upon them, the thought of the promised backsheesh (had she not heard that these foreigners gave pieces of five where an Egyptian would barely give one?) was too much for her. Slowly yielding to Abdul's reasoning, she rose to her feet, and wringing her hands disappeared into the darkness behind the sanctuary screen. In a few moments she came back with the key and a curious kind of candle-stick, a flat disk with three spikes, on which she stuck three lighted tapers. Suddenly she turned upon the dragoman: "Is she a Christian?" she asked.

"All these foreigners are Christians of sorts," answered Abdul gruffly.

"But you are not," declared Senura swiftly. "I remember you, you came with the Wise Man of the River. Were is not for that you should not have set foot inside the church. But the father allowed him to see them. And this lady is his friend, you say. And we may trust any friend of the Wise Man of the River."

The dragoman knew that this was the name by which Professor Swift was known along the Nile, and he readily declared that his companion was both a Christian and a friend of the professor. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Kezla had never seen the professor,

but she did not think it necessary to announce this fact when it was explained to her on what grounds she was granted the privilege she coveted.

The door was at length opened, and sundry objects that looked like bundles of dirty rags were brought out. But when the first of these had been unrolled, Mrs. Higginson went down on her knees by the side of the Egyptian with a cry of surprise. There were about a dozen articles altogether, and when they were all displayed in the dim light they looked strangely out of place in their squalid surroundings. Great silver crosses to be fitted on poles and carried in procession, a small textus case like the one already in the American's possession, and one or two smaller things were there, almost all of great antiquity and beautiful workmanship. Senura reverently uncovered the newest thing there, a large and heavy textus case of the fifteenth century, still with its sealed manuscript inside it. But as she did so two curiously shaped articles burst from their loosened wrapper and fell almost on the knees of the American. They also had the empty socket for fixing on wooden handles, but were flat pieces of silver covered on both sides with beautiful *repoussé* work of an early date. The tourist seized upon them with a cry of delight.

"Oh, but these are real beautiful," she said. "I never saw anything like them in my life. Do ask her what they are for."

"They are not used for anything now," said Abdul, interpreting Senura's explanation. "They are the fans for use in the celebration of the Holy Mysteries, but they use only common ones now. These are from the ancient times, and are reserved for the day of deliverance."

"Fans, did they ever use fans in a church service? Oh, but they are lovely! I must have them. Tell her if she

will sell me these I will give her the money she wants for her husband."

Abdul translated her words to Senura with immediate effect. Before Mrs. Higginson quite knew what was happening, the silver fans were torn from her hands, the whole collection was thrust pell-mell into the hiding-place, and Senura stood before it, roused into positive beauty with the force of her indignation.

"Get behind me, Satan," she cried to the astonished couple, "for who but he would come to tempt me in the hour of my sorest need? Shall I take the vessels of the sanctuary to redeem my husband?"

"My patience! What is it all about?" asked the wondering American. "Does she think I want to steal them? Tell her I have the gold with me, see," and she emptied her purse, ten golden sovereigns, into her hand, and held it out. Abdul tried to prevent the display, but was too late.

"She is only pretending—to get a good price," said Abdul scornfully. "All people here like that."

"Take her away; let her begone with her gold," cried out Senura passionately. "How should I dare to meet them with the price of sacrilege in my hand. If I am bereaved of my husband I am bereaved. But he would spurn me from him if I purchased his redemption so."

"He need not know," answered Abdul, entirely unmoved by Senura's anguish, in which, indeed, he only half believed. "You say yourself these things are never used. And how often is the treasury opened? Who is to know that you have opened it to-day, if you keep your own counsel?"

"And how shall I account for the money?" asked Senura scornfully.

"Oh, that is easy," answered the dragoman. "Every one knows what fools these foreigners are with their money. Tell him that she came and that you

wept before her, and that her heart was moved and that she gave you the money. Why I have seen one of them give a sovereign each for those scarabæi, which it costs Hassau of Luxor two plastres to make. Gold is of no value in their country, and they will readily believe that she gave you the £5 to save your husband."

"Oh, I dare not, I dare not!" moaned Senura, falling once more upon her knees and hiding her face.

"Are you trying to cheat the poor woman?" demanded Mrs. Higginson abruptly, "or what is she making such a fuss about?"

"She is afraid her father the priest will be angry if she sells you the fans," said Abdul.

"Why, what can he want with them locked up here? And he threatened to lose his only son. The priest wouldn't be such a fool."

"Oh, I will manage it all right," said the dragoman. "Give me £8, my lady, and I will get you the fans."

"Don't beat her down too much," said the American. "I've got £10 with me, and I believe they are worth all that. Come, come, my dear, stop crying. I can't bear to see you."

It took more time than Abdul had anticipated, and unknown to his employer he had to use threats as well as persuasions, all of which for some time seemed to fall on deaf ears. But suddenly Senura sprang to her feet again and flung open the hiding-place with a gesture of final despair.

"Take them," she cried, thrusting the fan into Mrs. Higginson's ready hands. "Take them and give me the price of my soul, for the saving of the house and the life of my husband. Take them and go quickly. Would to God you had never come."

"The lady is not generously inclined," said Abdul imperturbably. "She gives you £7 instead of the £5 you need."

The other sovereign had already

found its way into the dragoman's capacious pocket, but neither of the women were aware of this by-play. Mrs. Higginson went out quickly, dreading lest the girl should change her mind again, and Senura, putting the key back in its hiding-place, fell on her knees before the archway of the sanctuary.

"Lord God, thou knowest," she cried aloud with her hands stretched out to the altar, "if I have sinned, I have sinned, and the sin is mine. Holy Mother Mary, do thou intercede for me."

Then with bowed head she followed the others down the narrow stair. Under the knob-tree Sophia had set the little one on a gnarled protruding root as on a throne and crowned him with the blood-red poppies which sprinkled the barley patch behind. The child shouted with glee at the sight of his mother, and stretched out his arms. Senura snatched him to her breast and kissed him passionately.

"Oh, my son, my son," she cried, "thy mother hath sinned for thy sake. But thou shalt never know it, my son, my son."

II.

On a July afternoon, a clerical friend met Professor Swift in the entrance hall of one of the smartest hotels in London.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "I thought you were at Oxford. Are you staying here?"

"No, no," answered the Professor. "This kind of thing is not in my line. But I have come to see some Americans who are staying here—a Mr. and Mrs. Higginson."

"The Mrs. Higginson, you might say. I should not have thought she was in your line, either."

"Well, the fact is," said the Professor with a deprecatory smile, "I do not

know the lady. But they brought an introduction to me; we have exchanged calls, and now she has sent me a pressing request to come to tea and look at her collection of silver."

"Ah, I have heard of that. I believe she has picked up one or two good things in her travels. I was introduced to her yesterday; a woman with a voice like a peacock and a dress like a harlequin."

"Come with me, if you know her," urged the Professor nervously. "I do not mean to stay very long."

"All right, I'll see you through. She gave me a sort of invitation to come and see her, and then you must come and have a talk with me afterwards."

Mrs. Higginson, in a gorgeous parti-colored costume which almost justified the description given by Mr. Smithard, was already displaying her gathered treasures to three or four compatriots who had been asked to see the famous Professor. His predilection for works of art in gold and silver, and for antiquities of any kind, was well known, and had been calculated upon to insure his acceptance of the invitation. Tea and strawberries and cream were pressed upon the Englishman, and then the Professor was called upon to examine and appraise each article of the motley collection from Egypt, Italy, Germany, and Holland, spread out upon the table. But hardly had he touched with courteous commendation some Italian caskets of the seventeenth century when his attention was caught by the silver fans from the Egyptian Church, and he stood rooted to the ground.

"The flabella from St. Michael!" he ejaculated in a tone of astonishment and dismay.

"Ah, Professor Swift, so you see I succeeded where you failed," cried Mrs. Higginson, with a shrill laugh of triumph. "To think of you spotting them like that right away. But I sup-

pose there isn't another pair like them in the world."

"Where did you get them?" asked the Professor shortly and sternly.

"Where you did not get them—out of the identical rock treasury in the identical church. You weren't half sharp, Professor. You should have got the girl alone, as I did, and paid her the money down on the nail. I paid forty dollars for them, and that was real cheap, wasn't it. And the best of it was I shouldn't have got them at all but for you."

"Good heavens," said the Professor, from whose face all trace of his usual kindly smile had vanished. "I told no one. Who took you there?"

"Why, your Abdul, your servant, who went there with you. He told them I was a friend of yours, or they would not have opened the treasury. Never mind, Professor Swift, it was only anticipating events a little, and all's fair in love and war—and collecting."

"The scoundrel!" ejaculated the Professor. "I suspected him of following me into the church that day, but he always declared he had never set foot inside it. And he took you there! You got in on the strength of my name. I shall be known through all the length of the river as the man who was trusted by this unhappy people, and who betrayed them. I would not have had it happen for a thousand pounds!"

A dead silence fell on the ill-assorted group for a moment. Kezia was actually scared by the great man's anger, and the other guests looked uneasily at each other. Then one of them, the third man in the room, felt impelled to come to the rescue of his hostess.

"Come, come, sir," he said, "you've been done, that's clear, if you were after those bits of silver yourself. But it's a fair deal, and it seems to me Mrs. Higginson has as much right to them as any one else."

"Sir," said the Professor, turning up-

on the burly American with his blue eyes blazing: "Can you not understand what has been done? These Coptic treasures are not private property, to be bought or sold. They are sacred deposits, handed down from generation to generation in trust for the day of deliverance. I only knew of this one from an allusion to it in an old Coptic manuscript which I found in the private library of a Copt. I promised that no one else should know of it through me. And it has been despoiled in my name. To these people, who swear by the word of an Englishman as a sure trust, I, an Englishman whom they have trusted, am forsworn."

There was another silence. The Professor's clerical friend, though entirely sympathetic, was as much taken aback as the strangers. He had not believed that those gentle blue eyes could kindle so fiercely, or the silvery voice ring with such a passion of indignation. In a moment the Professor spoke again in a changed tone.

"I think too much of myself, and I should be rather thinking how best the wrong done to the Church may be redressed. I confess I am grievously disappointed that my old acquaintance Tadrus should have betrayed his trust. He, at any rate, knew what he was doing."

"Well, now, he didn't, if you mean the priest," candor compelled Mrs. Higginson to answer. "He and his son were away for the day." And she related the circumstances under which she had become possessed of the silver fans, so far as she knew them.

"Then you gathered that the unhappy girl did not mean to confess," said the Professor anxiously. "Possibly the theft has not even yet been discovered. I know the Nazir visits that church but rarely. Let me entreat you, Mrs. Higginson, to have compassion on my most unfortunate predicament. I also, as you are doubtless aware, possess

several specimens of rare workmanship in silver."

"Oh yes, I know all about your collection," interposed Mrs. Higginson. "I was going to ask if you would let me come and see it."

"I hope you will do me that honor to-morrow afternoon," said the Professor, with all his usual courtesy. "My cousin, Lady Ernest Manning, is coming to pour out tea for me at five. And I was about to propose—I have a small silver casket of Byzantine workmanship. It is worth more, I may say, than the sum you paid for the Egyptian fans. Will you favor me by accepting it in the place of these fans?"

Mrs. Higginson looked doubtful and suspicious.

"Yes; do let him have them, Mrs. Higginson," put in a young girl who had not before spoken. "I shouldn't think you would like to keep them, now you know about them."

"Well, as it's you, Professor, I suppose you must have your own way," conceded Mrs. Higginson. "You had better take the fans now, while I'm in the humor, and I'll come for my casket to-morrow afternoon, as you say."

The young American lady was folding the fans in silver paper even before she had finished speaking, and the Professor made his acknowledgments and adieux with a speed which amused his clerical friend.

"Well," said the burly American as the door closed behind them, "if that's your British man of genius, give me an American. Why, he as good as called you a thief. And what a bare-faced fraud. He's got the fans himself, and you've been made a cat's-paw!"

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Higginson complacently, "I don't know about that. No one in the States would know there was anything so very special about those fans; but it's something to have been asked to a private view of Professor Swift's collection, and have a

handsome piece presented to me by him. I believe I've got the best of the bargain, after all."

III.

"Isn't that the Professor's diabeah?" asked an Irrigation Inspector of the district engineer, on a steaming day in early October. "I thought he always stayed in Cairo till December."

The engineer brought his field-glass to bear across the intervening waters. "Yes, it's the 'Hathor,' sure enough," he answered, "though I never saw her on the river so early in the year. And what has he tied up at El Beled for?"

"Let's go over and see him," said the Inspector with alacrity. "He is not likely to be on shore with the water right up to the hills."

But the Professor was at that moment riding across the shallow shimmering sea of life-giving water by the only practicable track. He had no servant with him, only a Christian fellah of the neighborhood, with whom the donkeys were left in charge when the narrow path in the cliff was reached. The Professor mounted alone, carrying a small black bag with his own hands, and found the ascent more difficult than he expected. As he passed through the narrow cleft which gave admittance to the carefully-hidden Christian settlement, the cry of wailing women broke upon his ear, and he paused with a prevision of disaster. Before him the Sâkiyeh, which at this height above the plain must be worked all the year round, stood empty and silent, even the knob-tree seemed drooping and deserted. As he passed beyond its screen he saw the wailing women seated on the ground in the scanty shade afforded by the priest's house, of which the door stood open. Death was expected, but not yet arrived, since only one woman occasionally raised the shrill keen cry in which

all would join so soon as the word was given. As the Professor hesitated, his eyes fell upon Senura.

She was sitting quite alone on one of the cross-marked graves at the end of the combe. Her garments were dishevelled, and dust lay upon the head which bowed down upon her knees in the attitude of profound despair. She heard and saw nothing till the Professor stood close to her.

"Senura," he said at length.

Senura looked up and sprang to her feet with an exceeding bitter cry. Across the grave she faced him—a little grave, the Professor noticed, and poured out her torrent of words without staying for salutation.

"Oh, wise man of the river! oh, wise man of the river, are you come to look upon the ruin that you have wrought among us? Woe, woe to the day that you first set foot in the place; woe to the day when you sent your false friend to tempt me and I fell. For the sake of my child and my husband I have sinned, and lo, my house is left unto me desolate."

"What has happened?" demanded the professor, all thoughts of self-defence or of his precious burden passing from him in the presence of the stricken woman's grief.

"Do you ask me what has happened?" cried Senura, with her hands stretched out in appeal to heaven. "If I stole, was it not you who opened the door for me to steal? They would have taken away my husband, the light of my life, and the staff of our house. And the foreign she-devil came to me in your name in the hour of my sorest need. And I took the silver of the sanctuary, and sold it for gold to ransom the life of my beloved. And the thing was hid within my heart, and I looked that none should know it. But the wrath of the Lord was upon me, and He stretched forth His hand and slew my son. And my heart was sore

within me, yet I confessed nothing, for I said in my heart: Surely I have saved the life of my beloved, who is better to me than ten sons. Nevertheless the wrath of the Lord was not turned away, but His Hand is stretched out still. For my beloved fell sick of a fever, and even now he lieth at the point of death. So I humbled myself and made confession to the Abuna, my father, for I said: Surely he will make intercession for me, and the Lord will have compassion on us, and my beloved shall not die. Therefore I am excommunicate, and repent my sin in dust and ashes, while my father prays day and night before the altar. And to-day my cup is full, for word has come that the Nazir will be here next week, and my father also will be ruined for my sin. And his prayers avail not, and I am thrust out as a thing accursed. I may not even sit with the hired women at the door of my beloved."

She ceased, and fell again upon the grave, the little grave at the professor's feet. He had vainly tried to arrest the flood of her lament with words of comfort, and now for a moment he could not speak. He flung the bag which he was carrying upon the ground as he held out the parcel which it had contained.

"Senura, I have brought them back," he cried. "See, the silver of the sanctuary is in my hand. Go quickly, let us make restitution and offer again our prayers before the altar."

He tore the wrapping from the silver fans, and Senura recognized them with a shriek of joy, but stretched no hand to take them.

"I am excommunicate. I must not touch them," she cried. "But hasten, oh, wise man of the river, take them quickly to my father in the church."

The professor was on his way to the sacred stronghold alone before she had finished speaking. He stumbled through

the darkness of the narthex and saw the guiding light beyond. The priest, still in the robes, which he had not taken off since the early celebration, was prostrate on the floor within the archway. Two little boys, in their white garments and crossed stoles, were sobbing bitterly on either side of the arch, holding their tapers erect, but not attempting to take their part in the responses. Only the priest's voice rose stern and unfaltering, yet with an undertone of despair in the litany of supplication.

The Professor hesitated again. Then, kneeling before the entrance, he gave the silver fans to the boy on the right hand, and motioned to him to go forward and lay them before the priest between him and the altar.

A few minutes afterwards the professor came down the steps, and came up to the door of the house where the wailing women had just broken out into a chorus of lamentation.

"Give place," he said, "and let me see the man. I have brought medicine with me."

The sick man lay on his kaffass pallet, and did indeed seem to be past help as the Professor bent over him. But in a few moments he raised himself and waved the crowd away.

"Put them all out," he commanded.

Temple Bar.

"The man is not dead, and if it be the will of God, he shall not die."

For three days and three nights the Professor fought with death in the little valley and prevailed. His attendant went back to the diabeah for his tent and various other things which were necessary, including the professor's medicine-chest. On the fourth day Ramses was out of danger, and the same day came the Nazir to inspect the treasury. But it was not till the tenth day that Senura, who had now been restored to communion, though still under penance, followed the professor down the narrow path to see him go. The priest, with heartfelt thanks and blessings, had taken leave of him at the entrance of the combe, but Senura would let no one but herself carry down the medicine-chest to the servant who waited beside the donkeys below. For the last time she pressed forward to kiss the Professor's hand.

"Farewell, Senura," he said. "Behold, the Lord has been gracious to thee; go now, and sin no more."

Senura gazed over the sunlit waters with eyes from which the yearning look would never quite depart.

"Truly the Lord has been more gracious to me than I deserved," she answered humbly. "And yet—my son is dead!"

THE MUSICAL GAMES OF ANTIQUITY.

We have changed for the worse in modern times, since we have abolished or rather suffered to languish into oblivion those interesting and excellent pastimes of antiquity which were known as "Musical Games." At the present hour, if we search through the whole hemisphere of innocent pleasure,

we shall look in vain for anything approaching them in character or in designation, excepting always the rustic and time-honored sport of the "Musical Chairs," which belongs too much to the nursery to be allowed to count.

The world has become considerably the poorer by this dropping out of a

delightful and artistic species of recreation, which is but ill-replaced by the bagatelle cue, the card table, and the game of Halma.

The most popular musical game of antiquity was that known as "The Cottabos." Its origin is very difficult to trace; also from what country it was primarily derived. But in Greece in the early classical times it was already very popular, and became more and more so as the luxury of cities advanced, and wealth brought leisure to the citizens.

In many parts of the Greek world, but more especially in Sicily, where magnificence and expense reached their height in the great cities of Tarentum and Crotona, buildings used to be erected like our racquet courts and fives' courts, and of about the same size as the former, for the express purpose of playing this musical game, although it was also played in private houses as well. All day long the game proceeded, being taken up by various parties of players, who succeeded one another in their tenancy of the court, which was constructed as follows:

The arena was a broad open space, exactly like our racquet court, but towards one end, and in the centre towards that end, was fixed a large marble basin full of water. Floating in this marble basin was a small vase or basin of metal, often of silver, and sometimes of the best bronze. At so many paces away from the marble basin a chalk line was drawn on the floor, and the players, when they commenced to compete, toed it. A band of flute-players stood by awaiting the signal to begin.

When this signal was given, the flutes struck up, and the players, seizing cups and dipping them into a large vase containing wine, stepped forward one by one to the chalk line, with the intention of throwing the wine through the air into the metal basin afloat on the wa-

ter. This was a great feat to accomplish successfully. An unskilful thrower would so handle his wine that it would fly out in a broad sheet, and be all scattered in the air long before it reached its mark. An unsteady thrower would perhaps hurl the wine, but deposit it in the water instead of in the basin. The crack Cottabos-player avoided both these faults, "grasped the cup," we are told, "with well-crooked fingers, like a flute-player holding his flute," directed his wine through the air in a compact collected cloud, and landed it full in the metal basin, which was the mark he aimed at.

The flutes, which were warbling all the time the players were getting ready, stopped directly a throw was made, and all ears were eagerly intent to listen what sort of a splash the wine made in the basin—for the beauty and music of the splash determined the success of the player.

He whose wine, coming in a firm and swelling cloud, fell with a full sound on the silver, producing a crisp, sharp musical note of fine *timbre*, was accounted a better player than the thrower whose wine made an uncertain noise, or being too much shaken out splashed like falling rain on the metal, giving only the pitter-patter of a drizzle.

Not only was the skill of the thrower concerned in the extraction of a pure musical tone from the metal vase, but the quality of the wine had something to do with it. The Pramnian wine was reputed to give a crisper splash than the Chlan wine. The wine of Lesbos likewise was said to have more body in its tone than the wines of Thasos. Everything was studied, all arts were enlisted and made use of to achieve a pure and brilliant musical note when the wine fell, and sent the sound ringing from the silver. And considering what countless variations of *timbre* there must have been, and what untold deli-

cacies of modulation in the ring, we may well be surprised that such niceness of ear should have been so common a thing, and that in a game which, in its repute and its associations, was entirely popular, so much acoustic acumen could have been exercised.

But the Greeks were a musical nation. They could find music in the trickle of a waterfall, which we pass by unnoticed. The songs of birds so charmed them that all the legends, and all the chosen ability of these sylvan singers were invented and conferred by the Greeks. They delighted in hearing a musical voice, and a main part of their education was devoted to acquiring a round and clear delivery. And in the same way they could listen to and detect the discrepancies of the Cottabos, which our duller ears would fail to recognize.

Plato, the comic poet, tells us that the popularity of the game was so great that, not content with playing it in courts and in public, "people must needs be always at it in private houses—after dinner, or even before it." In one of his plays he gives us a whole scene of this private Cottabos, which perhaps we might do worse than reproduce here.

"All the guests have finished dinner," says the master of the house. "Come, remove the tables, and bring water for them to wash their hands in, and have the floor swept. Then we will have the Cottabos."

"Are the girls ready with the flutes?"

"Yes."

"Very well, then, we are just on the point of beginning, and they must come in to accompany us."

"My friend, will you please pour some perfume into the wine while I go and distribute garlands among the guests."

"I will do just as you want, and attend to all your directions."

The master of the house then takes

a cup of wine, and pours out a libation to Bacchus. The scolium—which was a sort of short and pithy epigrammatic song—was next sung by some of the company. Then "Everybody is ready," he says, "and the young men are toeing the line. And here is the girl with her flute striking up a Carian song, and another girl will be here in a moment with an Eastern harp, to join her."

Now the players have filled their cups, and they begin throwing in turn. And as each throws, he pronounces the name of his lady-love. "Here's for Glyceria!" "This one for Scione!" "This throw for Callistum!" "Here goes for Phanostrata!"

"And how do they manage to throw it so cleverly, and how do they hold it?" asks a novice of a bystander. "Why, you must crook your fingers round the cup, like a flute-player folds his fingers round his flute. Then pour in a little wine—not much. And then let fly."

"Yes, but how?"

"Why, look here—in this way."

"O Neptune! what a height you throw it."

In private houses this musical game was played for prizes. In Athenæus' Banquet we are told that the prizes of one Cottabos which he describes were three ribbons, five apples, and nine kisses. And kisses were a very general prize, it seems. For in the comic poet Cratinus, a guest coming late to a banquet is made to say, "Holloa! I hear the sound of kissing, so I suppose the conqueror of the Cottabos is getting his prize."

Next in celebrity and popularity to the Cottabos was the Ball Dance—a species of beautiful game which has entirely vanished from human memory. The balls were made of scarlet or purple leather, and filled with flour or feathers, grass, wool, fig-seeds, or sand. They were small, and the object of covering them with such a bright color

was that they might flash and look bright in the sun, and be easily seen when they were thrown.

The players were generally girls, dressed in the Dorian costume, which can best be reproduced to the fancy by remembering the attire of Diana in the well-known group of her and the stag. Their dress was short, barely reaching to their knees, and their arms were bare, the dress being fastened at the shoulder with gold or silver studs.

They stood at angles—sometimes, however, in two sides—and on the commencement of the music, which was contributed by a lyre-player who sat on a seat near, they began to weave all sorts of fanciful steps in time and measure to the melody.

Then the ball was taken by the leader of the game and thrown to one of the girls, who caught it while she was dancing, if possible while her feet were both off the ground, and almost immediately flung it to another, who received it and despatched it in a similar manner. This bounding and throwing communicated an aspect of the most airy lightness to the game, equalled only, we imagine, by that common spectacle of the modern ballet, when a dancer whose belt has been previously attached to a wire is caught up aloft as if she were flying. The same feeling of airy grace must have been communicated to the Greek spectators when the girls were at the Ball Dance—bounding high in the air, catching the flying ball as it fluttered through the sky, and never seeming to touch earth, except but for a moment, during the whole of the play.

Homer describes the game thus in the *Odyssey*, and according to his account the ball was sometimes flung so high in the air that it was almost lost to sight. When it appeared as a speck from cloudland, the player whose turn it was to catch it seemed to rise to meet it, and taking it, tossed the ball

once more to the heavens, so that it soared about like a bird. Alternately with this, the players standing closer flung the ball from one to the other with such lightning-like rapidity that it made men dizzy to look.

When we consider that during these intricate movements and complicated figures there was a constant stream of music swelling on and never stopping, and that every step taken in the game was to the measure of a musical bar, we must confess how much enhanced would be the beauty of the game for the eyes of onlookers, and how marvellously smooth and symmetrical must have been the actions of every one that played it. "Sometimes," says a Greek author, "they would throw the ball from one to the other at short distances. And then they must use their hands alone. But at longer distances they might use their arms to fling it with, standing easily but firmly in one spot, and arching their bodies in a thousand graceful flexions to catch the bouncing ball."

Nausicaä, one of the heroines of the *Odyssey*, danced the Ball Dance on the seashore in Phæacia, which is the modern Corfu. The shore was yellow, and the bright blue sea, like a sheet of sapphire, surrounded it. Nausicaä was a king's daughter, and she played the game with a golden ball. Those who played with her were her handmaids and attendants. She was a tall girl, exceeding them all in height and beauty and majesty. And her poses in the Ball Dance were like those of Diana herself, as she treads the heights of Taygetus, hunting the boars and the swift-footed stags.

If we pass now from the games of girls to the festival of the Olympic games, where men contended for the prize of victory, we shall find that even here the favorite pastime of the "Musical Game" insinuated itself, and that the athletes performed one most pop-

ular exercise of this character which was in very great favor with all the spectators. This was the Pancratium, as it was called, which was a mixture of boxing and wrestling, every blow being delivered in time to a musical melody, and every grip or throw in the wrestling being responsive to a musical chord.

The *blasé* sightseers of London have most of them looked with interest on what is called the "Musical Ride" of the Military Tournament. Infinitely more musical, because the countless gestures of the human body followed the metre, not merely the evolution of a few horses, was the Pancratium of the Olympic games. When it began, we read, the spectators leaving all other attractions crowded round to see this, and could never be torn away, with their applause and their fascinated gaze, until the exciting contest was over.

Lucian describes the game thus: "When they have locked hand in hand," he says, "and give blows and take them, the fight floats off into a dance." They menace each other as deadly enemies, yet there can be no hostility in their threats, for their feet are perpetually beating the rhythms, and their ears are open to catch the slightest variation of the music, that they may express the melody by their motions.

Another musical game, and the last we need allude to among the Greeks, was the Flower Game, which was played very much in the manner in which our country dances are performed. The girls arranged themselves on one side in a long line, the youths and men on the other. The former held flowers—principally roses and violets—in their hands, and thus equipped the two lines of players danced up to one another in time to the music. The youths and men on coming close to the line of their fair *vis-a-vis*, sang,—

Where are my roses? And where are my violets?

And where is my beautiful parsley, too?

In connection with the intrusion of the parsley—most unromantic of herbs in our conception!—among the poetical violets and roses, we must explain that parsley was with the Greeks a very different plant—or perhaps we should say a plant held in very different esteem—from what it is with us. It formed the crown of the conquerors at many of the national games, such as the Olympic and Isthmian. And the young men, in asking the girls for parsley, were in fact requesting them to wreath crowns of conquest or of favor, and place them upon their heads.

Such were the words, then, with which one side of the players, so to speak, challenged the others. And it was left to the girls to reply,—

Here are your roses, and here are your violets;

And here is your beautiful parsley, too.

One of the maidens here handed a flower or a parsley wreath to her lover, with which well contented he and the other men retired with dancing steps to the time of the music, while she, overwhelmed with confusion, retired with the maidens.

This approach and retreat was again repeated as often as a girl had anything to give, or as long as a girl was left whose favors, typified by the flowers, were as yet unbestowed on a lover. What shyness! what bashfulness! what timid reluctance, at times blossoming into the most desperate courage, did this game not suggest and evoke! The musical measures of the melody were meanwhile of a most intricate and elaborate nature, so that the most ardent lover, the most timid and bashful maiden, must not forget the steps for all his ardor or her timidity; and must ever

remember that this pretence of wooing and making love was not an actuality, but only a musical game.

Musical games of a still more extraordinary description meet us somewhat later in history—that is to say, passing from the time of the Greeks and coming to the early Middle Ages. A most grotesque form of the Ball Dance—utterly ludicrous and with not the vestige of a pretence to anything artistic—was commonly practiced in the *cathedrals* (!) of the early mediæval times. On Easter Day, after the long austerities of Lent were over, the cathedral became the scene of a carnival. A large ball was solemnly given to the Dean of the Cathedral, at the conclusion of service on that festival, and directly the organ struck up the closing voluntary the Dean threw it to the nearest chorister, who at once buzzed it to another, and he to a third, until what with the excitement and the disorder which the game occasioned, the whole church became a scene of confusion and uproar.

"Even the archbishop of the diocese," says the writer in the '*Acta Sanctorum*' from whom we are quoting, "did not disdain to bandy the ball about, if he were there; and meanwhile the choir boys were leaving their places in the

stalls and leaping and bounding all about the chancel, the elder clergy also joining in, and footing it to the sound of the organ"—which exactly authenticates the scene of confusion and grotesqueness which we described this species of the Ball Game to be.

Another very favorite musical game of the same epoch was the Burial of the Allelula. Odd and profane though this ceremony may seem, it was yet gone through with great gravity and earnestness, and was greatly enjoyed by the onlookers, although generally speaking they were not allowed to participate in the game.

It took place in the churches in the Middle Ages on Septuagesima Sunday. After the blessing all the boys of the choir came down the church, some whipping tops on which the word "Allelula" was written, others carrying turfs on which the name was cut. Followed by the congregation they proceeded to the churchyard, and buried the tops and turfs with a great deal of grotesque horseplay, which we should deem irreverent, but which in those days was esteemed excellent drollery. And with this odd pendant to our list, we close our account of the Musical Games.

J. F. Rowbotham.

Good Words.

LIFE INVISIBLE.

About our nest in these high boughs may whirl
Fierce winds of dread that never seem to cease,
But clamor night and day; yet all shall fall
To shatter Love's uncovenanted peace.

No voice have I to lift in ringing song
Of all the glories under heaven unfurled;
Yet who shall dare to say another hears
More clear than I the music of the world?

Rude hands may with the threshold lay our roof,
 The ripening harvest of our fields destroy,
 And steal our plenishing: but who shall find
 Our love's invisible retreat of joy?

The garish jewels of the multitude
 From fire or misadventure suffer scath:
 Nor flood, nor flame, nor earthquake can deface
 The tear-like gems of Love's unspoken faith.

And though the length of all the kingdom lie
 Between us, other manners, other speech
 Surround us as a web; who nearer dwell
 Than thou and I, beloved, each to each?

The Argosy.

Elizabeth Gibson.

THE HYMN AND THE HYMNIST.*

Of the two books cited above, the second is a series of brief notices, critical and biographical, of the hymn-writers whose work appears in the Presbyterian Church Hymnary. It is well done, and very useful within its necessarily limited scope. At the same time, the Church Hymnary casts so wide a net that Mr. Brownlie's book is really more comprehensive than the mere title would lead one to expect. Mr. Horder's work, on the other hand, is really a history of English Hymnody, and well deserves the second edition into which it has gone. The criticism is good, and it does excellent service by its copious quotations of hymns good but little known.

There is a general and a conventional sense of the term "hymn." In the general sense it may signify elaborate poems, including litanies—poems quite unfit for congregational use. The Orphic hymns, for example, are litanies.

Of the purely poetical class we may take Catullus' hymn to Diana. A free translation of the first stanzas will show how unfit it would be for general use:

Diana's servitors are we,
 We girls and boys in chastity;
 Diana, boys in chastity
 And girls go we a-singing.

O rich-haired Leto's progeny,
 Great offspring of great Jove on high,
 When did the olives canopy
 Thy Dellian forthbringing;

The mistress of the heights to be,
 And have the woods in sovereignty,
 And groves recesséd secrecy,
 And streams unravished springing.

That is no hymn in our narrower sense. In the accepted conventional sense, a hymn should be a metrical composition addressed to a higher power than man, and at the same time characterized by

*The Hymn Lover: an Account of the Rise and Growth of English Hymnody. By W. Garrett Horder. Second Edition. Revised. (J. Curwen & Sons.)

Hymns and Hymn-Writers of the Church Hymnary. By Rev. J. Brownlie. (Henry Frowde.)

certain special limitations. It must be a *song*, in the strictest sense of that word—singable and sufficiently brief. It must, like all songs, be in a metre light and unintricate enough for musical setting; and, above all, it must be direct enough in expression for popular comprehension. This last qualification explains why there are many successful hymns, but few good hymns.

Hymns, in our signification, are almost, perhaps quite, unknown in pagan religions. The Orphic hymns, we have said, were litanies; so were the Egyptian hymns to Osiris and others as they have reached us; they are a string of the god's titles and attributes. The reason is that there was no public worship except on festival anniversaries; the services were and are conducted by the priests and their assistants in the privacy of the temple—often at night. The multitude might go in if they pleased and make their solitary individual prayer; but there was no organized public ritual, therefore no congregational prayer. So it is to-day in India. As for Buddhism, it has no prayer; a man may meditate on divine things, and try to make himself better thereby, but there is no help from the *devas*, who are at most but powers of the universe. You might as well pray to the Lord Chief Justice to keep you out of Clerkenwell. It is a religion of pure self-help and unbending fate.

From the Hebrew psalms is the origin of Christian hymnody. Yet the Assyrian hymns show whence the Jews got the model of their psalms. Read but this:

My Lord, in the anger of His heart,
has punished me:
God in the strength of His heart has
taken me;
Ishtar, my mother, has seized upon me
and put me to grief.
God, who knoweth that I knew not
has afflicted me;
Ishtar, my mother, who knoweth that
I knew not, has caused darkness.

I prayed, and none takes my hand;
I wept, and none held my palm;
I cry aloud, but there is none that will
hear me;
I am in darkness and hiding, and dare
not look up.

This is sufficiently Hebraic; but the hymn in its modern conventional sense was developed in the Middle Ages; and the finest hymns ever written are unfortunately in Latin. English hymns really begin with the seventeenth century. Then later Dr. Watts inaugurated the prolific period of hymn-writing, and yet later in the eighteenth century the two Wesleys flooded the land with hymns and hymn-writers. Finally, about the middle of this century, there has been a fresh outbreak of hymns, the result of the diffusion of modern poetry; and this still continues. The hymns of the seventeenth century are few, and, with the exception of an occasional piece, such as Bishop Ken's Evening Hymn, they have been surpassed in popularity; but in quality they are among the best of the language. They have a terseness, a freshness of idea and expression, which more recent writers too often miss. Let us quote one, not only because it is fine in itself, but because it is the work of a famous master of English prose, whom few people are aware to have left any verse at all. We mean the Evening Hymn of Sir Thomas Browne:

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not Thou, great God, away.
Let not my sins, black as the night,
Eclipse the luster of Thy light.
Keep still in my horizon; for to me
The sun makes not the day, but Thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleep,
On my temples sentry keep,
Guard me 'gainst those watchful foes
Whose eyes are open while mine
close.
Let no dreams my head infest
But such as Jacob's temples blest.
While I do rest, my soul advance;
Make my sleep a holy trance:
That I may, my rest being wrought,

Awake into some holy thought;
 And with as active vigor run
 My course as doth the nimble sun.
 Sleep is a death;—O make me try,
 By sleeping what it is to die!
 And as gently lay my head
 On my grave as now my bed.
 Howe'er I rest, great God, let me
 Awake again at last with Thee;
 And thus assured, behold I lie
 Securely, or to wake or die.

This is probably the germ of Bishop Ken's well-known Evening Hymn, and it seems a model of what a hymn should be. The simplest may understand it, the most cultivated delight in it. We need only point to the few true hymns of George Herbert or of Herrick, whose reputation is established; but we may note one or two excellent hymns by John Austin, which are but now emerging from an undeserved neglect. "Jerusalem, My Happy Home," belongs to this time, and is anonymous—like many good things, from Westminster Abbey downwards.

John Mason preceded Watts, also in the later seventeenth century, and one very fine hymn of his is quoted by Mr. Horder. He, too, is regaining his due place nowadays. Of Watts we need not speak, or the Wesleys. All of them were epoch-making as hymn-writers; and if Watts be somewhat overrated as regards the intrinsic value of his work, that cannot be said of Charles Wesley. After them the soil yields scanty fruit. There is an occasional hymn deservedly remembered, such as Toplady's famous "Rock of Ages." But, on the whole, it was a fallow period, down to the middle of our own century.

Then came the influence of the great modern poets. Cowper had, indeed, written, with John Newton, the celebrated "Olney Hymns," but he produced no followers. Now everybody was writing verse, and hymnody shared in the revival. Thomas Kelly, James Montgomery, Bishop Heber, lead off the way. Montgomery is really

an apostle of the present-day hymn, and the excellence of his work needs no comment. Heber did good service also in raising the standard of taste. And then comes Keble, with "The Christian Year," and we are in the full tide of the revival. To mention individuals is impossible, so numerous are those with claims to attention. Let us consider the general character of present-day hymnody, and quote a few of the less-known specimens.

Modern hymn-writing is much more refined than that of the eighteenth century—aims much more at artistic merit. It is also more various in form and metre. But, on the other hand, it tends to diffuseness. Compared with the seventeenth century this is very noticeable. Keble himself, with all his merits, sadly lacked compression. His friend Newman beats him here; compression is the great merit which makes amends for much defective in the artistic finish of Newman's verse. Yet, in an occasional stanza, Keble can be striking and compact. Mr. Horder justly cites the following:

Two worlds are ours: 'tis only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the earth and sky.

That is admirable and rememberable. But if this fault mar Keble, what shall we say of Faber, whom Mr. Horder lauds to the skies? His translations are his best; and doubtless some of his original hymns are less faulty than those which are most popular. But those hymns, such as "O Paradise!" are almost more than diffuse, they are *gushing*. Only a richer imagination than Faber possessed as a poet could carry off such loose flinging of one's emotional arms abroad. Diffuseness, either emotional or gently sentimental, is the characteristic fault of the modern hymn. There are exceptions. Such is an excellent hymn

by Anstice, which the reader will find on p. 167 of Mr. Horder's book. But we quote in preference Samuel Greg's really fine hymn on the Transfiguration—finished, compact, direct in utterance, without triviality:

Stay, Master, stay upon this heavenly hill;
A little longer let us linger still;
With these three mighty ones of old beside,
Near to the Awful Presence still abide;
Before the throne of light we trembling stand,
And catch a glimpse into the spirit-land.

Stay, Master, stay! we breathe a purer air;
This life is not the life that waits us there:
Thoughts, feelings, flashes, glimpses come and go:
We cannot speak them—nay, we do not know;
Wrapt in this cloud of light we seem to be
The thing we fain would grow—eternally.

"No!" saith the Lord, "the hour is past,—we go;
Our home, our life, our duties lie below.
While here we kneel upon the mount of prayer,
The plough lies waiting in the furrow there!
Here we sought God that we might know his will:
There we must do it,—serve Him,—seek Him still."

If man aspires to reach the throne of God,
O'er the dull plains of earth must lie the road.
He who best does his lowly duty here,
Shall mount the highest in a nobler sphere:
At God's own feet our spirits seek their rest,
And he is nearest Him who serves Him best.

Dean Stanley imitated this hymn, but certainly fails to equal Greg. His

hymn is much more artificial—*flamboyant*, in fact.

The name of Neale is eminent as a translator of the mediæval and Eastern hymns. He stands with Faber and Casswell as the three who have done the most valuable work in such translation. Neale especially is remarkable for the number and general felicity of his renderings. But with Bonar, Rawson, Gill, Ellerton, and a hundred others each having his right to consideration, the modern field is too crowded for separate reference. Yet take these hardly known lines by Sarah Williams, compact, sincere and clear, which we may thank Mr. Horder for quoting:

Because I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—

O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—

O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength thou gavest me
In struggle which Thou never didst ordain,
And have but dregs of life to offer Thee—

O Lord, I do repent.

Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust my impious hand across Thy threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my life—

O Lord, I do repent.

Because Thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me as a mother calls her child—

O Lord, I do repent.

There is a hymn by Mrs. Charles, also excellent in a different way; antithetical, but having the same unfeminine quality of compression. And that is what we need. The national quality of our extensive hymn literature is terseness, firmness, gravity, dignity,

The Academy.

weight. The more we aim at restoring that quality, the better the prospect for the future. We have gone far enough in the direction of modern freedom—too far. "License they mean when they cry Liberty," should not be true of hymn-writers.

THE ALLEGED DECLINE OF MARRIAGE.

Are women ceasing to marry? It is affirmed by Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon in *The Humanitarian* that they are, and she gives a stern reason for this belief: Man has been found out. In the middle Victorian period woman adored him. She was expected to take him on trust, to worship his imperfections, to regard marriage with him as the only ideal. She knows better now. Her attitude towards him is purely critical. In the intervening years woman has developed her sense of humor, and what little humor man ever had has stood still. She continues to give him tea and find a kind of sport in his society, for, after all, he makes an agreeable butt. Women do not practise this newly developed sense of humor upon one another. That would be an outrage akin to cannibalism. Besides, they cannot feel how humorous they really are unless man is in the offing. There he comes; he casts anchor; he expects, as of old, that women will flutter round him and admire him, as the jolly-boats flutter round and admire the big craft in the harbor. But there is no more flutter. Woman no longer lifts adoring eyes, waiting for her lord to indicate his pleasure that she shall be his wedded wife. Her eyes dance with satirical mirth, and if man were not deluded by his colossal conceit, he would know that his entire relation to-

wards this charming creature has changed, and that she is a wholly independent person, conscious that she is his superior in wit and in all that pertains to a philosophical happiness.

Yes, these be evil times for the "average suitors" of woman. She perceives "in these young gentlemen certain of the least endearing qualities of the Anglo-Saxon race; those qualities, it may be whispered, which, though eminently suitable for the making of empire, are not always entirely appreciated on the domestic hearth." It is the "average suitors" who, being still in the middle Victorian atmosphere, do not, like the average prisoner in the dock, feel their position keenly. Here and there a man, as Miss Dixon handsomely admits, is sufficiently modernized to reject Katherine's summary of the whole duty of wives:

And place your hands below your husband's foot.

Such an enlightened man goes about deploring the obstinacy with which the "average suitors" expect every woman to submit to Shakespeare's peremptory definition of wifely obedience. But here an impulse of scepticism seizes us, and we cannot help asking Miss Dixon in all humility whether she really thinks that the qualities of the race

which make empire demand such abject subjection in woman as that of Katherine. Does the man who adds a peninsula to the dominions of the Queen play the arrogant satrap on his domestic hearth? Has a conqueror never been known to place his hands submissively beneath his wife's foot? Moreover, we venture to suggest to Miss Dixon that she has misunderstood Shakespeare's purpose. Katherine was a shrew, Kate the curst; and when her shrewishness was subdued, she swung, as such a nature would swing, to the opposite extreme. Shakespeare may have thought that this was the only cure for shrews, just as total abstinence is commonly the only cure for the habitual tippler, moderate drinking being impossible to his immoderate temperament. Beatrice, on the other hand, cannot be charged with any disposition to grovel in the dust before Benedick. She loves him, as she is careful to point out, no more than reason, and he, as a kindred spirit, is perfectly happy in the compact. This is the union of two humorists—that rare contingency in which there can be no question of supremacy or servitude. Now Katherine is not only a shrew; she is a humorless shrew, or she would have seen quite early in the game that Petruchio was not a despot, but, as the children say, only pretending. Perhaps it is this absence of humor which most offends Miss Dixon, though, had Katherine been a humorist, it is plain that she could not have been a shrew.

It is not so long ago that we were confronted with the question, "Why are men ceasing to marry?" It was gravely affirmed that a growing reluctance to assume the responsibilities of marriage was multiplying bachelors at an alarming pace. Now we have Miss Dixon's assurance that confirmed spinsterhood is the attitude of the modern woman. What says the Registrar-General? Has he noticed any decline in the

marriage-rate? Judging from statistics, the "average suitors," with their empire-making qualities, are still persuading maidens to marry them. The clergy do not complain of any falling off in fees, and we are inclined to regard the silence of distressed incumbents on this point as very significant. Miss Dixon is not above statistics. She notes with candor that "widows, like widowers, usually show an extraordinary eagerness to resume the fetters of the wedded state." It is statistically proved that, whereas "a man of forty remains a widower for two years only," a widow under thirty-five "marries again within twenty months." How is she able to satisfy her sense of humor so soon? Oddly enough, on this crucial point Miss Dixon offers no comment. "Indiscriminate marrying," she says, "has, to a certain extent, gone out. In short, *le premier venu* is no longer the successful wooer that he once was." And yet widows seem to marry as indiscriminately as ever, and without the excuse of ignorance. Widows, as universal experience attests, are of a merry disposition. They, at any rate, cannot be accused of lacking humor. Their strategy is the theme of some of the most impressive warnings in literature. The captive of a widow's bow and spear is commonly supposed by his friends to be a helpless slave. Here, then, we have a branch of the subject in which Miss Dixon's chief propositions do not coincide with the facts. Widows have humor and the critical habit of mind, and yet they marry, on the average, "within twenty months." (Hamlet's mother managed it in two; but she, it must be admitted, had neither mirth nor judgment.) And the men who marry widows are set down by the bystanders as dumb, driven cattle with not a spark of empire-making masterfulness left!

The truth is, that this talk of men or women ceasing to marry is, as Miss

Dixon's excellent sense evidently reminds her, in great part humorous exaggeration. For a variety of reasons, some of them economic, marriage is not for every man and woman; but that it remains the aspiration, though it is not always the lot, of the average woman there is no reason to doubt. The institution of marriage does not escape criticism. Its successes are not always conspicuous, and the penalties of failure are writ large; but except for a minority of independent temperaments—a minority that causes no perceptible variation from established practice—it remains firmly rooted in our social habits. Miss Dixon is quite alive to this. She hopes to see the "standard

of human felicity steadily raised" by the "feminine prerogative of deliberate choice" in matrimony. The "average suitors" are to learn in time the difference between a mere empire-maker and a desirable husband. They may swagger on the African veldt, but not by the domestic fireside. Unhappily, statistics do not give us the proportion of swaggering husbands in the community; but we have a suspicion that the docile husbands, if they could be escorted by their wives and overseers to Hyde Park, would make a very long and amiable procession, waving the standard of human felicity with automatic regularity.

The Speaker.

NIGHTINGALES.

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom
Ye learn your song.

Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams;
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams—
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark, nocturnal secret; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of
May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

Robert Bridges.

